

John D. Burgoyne

1932

THE
MISCELLANEOUS
W O R K S :

OF

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D.

(Dress)

A



John Thomas Burgoyne
THE
MISCELLANEOUS
W O R K S
O F
JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

IN VERSE and PROSE.

V I Z.

The ŒCONOMY of LOVE;

The ART of Preserving HEALTH;

MARRIAGE, an ODE;

BENEVOLENCE;

TASTE, an EPISTLE;

A DAY, an Epistle to JOHN WILKES, Esq;

SKETCHES or ESSAYS

On Various Subjects.

D U B L I N :

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THE
OECONOMY
OF
LOVE:
A
POETICAL ESSAY.

Infanire, docet certa ratione modoque.



THE
OECONOMY
OF
LOVE.

THY bounties, *Love*, in thy soft raptures
when
Timeliest the melting Pairs indulge, and
how

Best to improve the genial joy, how shun
The snakes that under rosy pleasure lurk,
I sing : if thou, fair *Cytherea*, deign 5
Gracious to smile on my attempt. Tho' Thou
None of the Muses nine, yet oft on Thee
The Muses wait, oft gambol in thy train,
Tho' Virgins. Come, nor leave thy *Boy* behind,
Blind but unerring Archer. *Hymen*, raise 10
Aloft thy sacred torch. Your Gifts I sing.

YE Youths and Virgins, when your gen'rous
blood

Has drunk the warmth of fifteen Summers, now
The Loves invite; now to new rapture wakes
The finish'd Sense: While stung with keen Desire
The madd'ning Boy his bashful Fetters bursts; 16
And, urg'd with secret Flames, the riper Maid,
Conscious and shy, betrays her smarting Breast.

YET Nature not in all her Sons maintains
An equal progress. This with kindly warmth 20
Concocts to manly vigour strait, while That
Pines crude and chill, and scarce at last attains
Imperfect Life. Some slight their varnish'd Steed,
And (wond'rous Instinct!) bent on manlier Sport,
Cope with the Maids. *Alcides* thus, they say, 25
Rose brawny from his cradle, while the snakes
Hung hissing round him, horrible and fell,
Sent by enrag'd *Saturnia* to destroy
Her Rival's Hope: The mighty Infant grasp'd
His speckled Foes, and smiling dash'd them down
To Hell, their native clime; the spumy gore 31
Blotted the frighted pavement. Early thus
Was future Chivalry presag'd.—Meantime
Others slow ripen: Men there are who scarce
Feel the first thrillings of untaught desire, 35
While pallid Maids scarce ruminate on Man,
Till twenty; well if then. It boots thee much
To study the Complexion, much the Clime,
And Habitues of Life. Meanwhile with me
Credit these Signs. The Boy may wrestle, when
Night-working Fanc' *Alcides* to the arms 41
Of



Of Nymph oft wish'd awake, and, 'mid the rage
 Of the soft Tumult, every turgid Cell
 Spontaneous disembogues its lucid store,
 Bland and of azure tinct. Nor envy Thou 45
 Waking fruition while such happy dreams
 Visit thy slumbers; liveliest then the touch
 Thrills to the Brain, with all sensations else
 Unshaken, uneduc'd. The Maid demands
 The dues of *Venus*, when the parting Breasts 50
 Wanton exuberant and tempt the touch,
 Plump'd with rich Moisture from the finish'd
 Growth

Redundant now: for the late shooting Tubes
 Drunk all the Blood the toiling Heart could pour,
 Infatiate; now full-grown they crave no more 55
 Than what repairs their daily Waste. But still
 There must be Loss, nor does the Superplus
 Turn all to thrift. For from Love's Grotto now
 Oozes the sanguine Stream thro' many a rill,
 Startling the simple Lads, that anxious glows 60
 Inward, till bold Necessity o'ercomes
 Her fond reluctant blushes, to consult
 Her Nurse, well vers'd in mystick Cases deep,
 At Christ'nings oft discuss'd: when warm'd with
 wine

The mellow Matrons, by the midnight fire, 65
 Lewd *Orgies* hold; while naked roams around,
 His Torch high-flaming from the spicy bowl,
 Lust full of Glee, and thro' each lab'ring breast
 His sacred Fury pours. The *Sybil* solves
 Sagely the dubious Case.—The rising Down 70

Then too begins to skirt the hallow'd Bounds
 Of *Venus*' blest Domain. In either Sex
 This Sign obtains. For Nature provident,
 Now when both Sides stand equal for the Fray,
 This graceful Armour spreads, and, but for this 75
 Excoriate oft the tender parts would rue
 The close Encounter; now they fight secure
 Thus harness'd, and sustain the mutual Shock
 Of War, unhurt, for many a well-fought Day.

BUT if to progeny thy views extend 80
 Paternal, and the name of Sire invites,
 Wouldst thou behold a thriving Race surround
 Thy spacious Table; shun the soft Embrace
 Emasculant, till twice ten years and more
 Have steel'd thy Nerves, and let the holy Rite 85
 License the Bliss. Nor would I urge, precise,
 A total Abstinence; this might unman
 The genial Organs, unemploy'd so long,
 And quite extinguish the prolific Flame,
 Refrigerant. But riot oft unblam'd 90
 On Kisses, sweet repast! ambrosial joy!
 Now press with gentle hand the gentle hand,
 And, sighing, now the Breasts, that to the touch
 Heave amorous. Nor thou, fair Maid, refuse
 Indulgence, while thy Paramour discreet 95
 Aspires no further. Thus thou mayst expect
 Treasure hereafter, when the Bridegroom, warm,
 Trembling with keen Desire, profusely pours
 The rich Collection of enamour'd years,
 Exhaustless, blessing all thy nuptial Nights. 100

BUT,

BUT, O my Son, whether the generous care
 Of Propagation, and domestick Charge,
 Or soft Encounter more attract, renounce
 The Vice of Monks recluse, the early Bane
 Of rising Manhood. Banish from thy Shades 105
 Th' ungenerous, selfish, solitary Joy.
 Hold, Parricide, thy hand! For thee alone
 Did Nature form thee? for thy narrow self
 Grant thee the means of Pleasure? Dreamst
 thou so?

That very self mistakes its wiser aim; 110
 Its finer sense ungratified, unpleas'd,
 But when from active soul to soul rebounds
 The swelling mingling Tumult of Delight.
 Hold yet again! e'er idle Callus wrap
 In sullen Insolence th' astonish'd Nerves; 115
 When thou may'st fret and teize thy sense in vain,
 And curse too late th' unwisely-wanton hours.
 Impious, forbear! thus the first general Hail
 To disappoint, *increase and multiply*,
 To shed thy Blossoms thro' the desert air, 120
 And sow thy perish'd Offspring in the winds.
 Unhallow'd Pastime! — Tho' the factious Chief
 Oft brew hot Insurrection, rather hie
 To Bagnio lewd or Tavern, nightly where
 Venereal Rites are done, from *Draco's* ken, 125
 Remote, and light of Heaven (as erst retir'd
 The heaving *Gallick* Saints to the kind gloom
 Of clift, or cave, or trusted barn, to hold
 Forbidden Sabbaths) rather visit thou
 Those haunts of publick Lewdness; oft tho' there
 Sore

Sore Ills dismay. Purse, or the golden Pride 131
 That decks thy Finger, gorgeous with the Spoils
 Of *Mexico, Peru*, and farthest *Ind'*,
 Or Watch time-measuring, oft substracted fly
 Sink in the dark Profound. And oft, to crush 135
 Thy slacken'd Manhood, in the mid Career
 Of puissant Deeds, untimely rushes in
 A forward boist'rous Wight, and from thy Arms
 The passive Spouse of all the Town demands. 139
 Him, hung'ring after gold, nor Words can charm,
 Nor more persuasive Wine : thy gold must pay
 The violation of the *publick* Bed ;
 Or braver Steel must prove thy manly Arm,
 In dubious Fight. Yet well if there could end
 The mis'ry : worse perhaps ensues ; a Train 145
 Of Ills of tedious count and horrid name.
 Such as of old distress'd the Man else squar'd
 To God's own heart, but that he wide debauch'd
Jerusalem's fair Daughters to his Flames 149
 Unquench'd ; nor from the holy Marriage-bed
 Refrain'd his loose Embraces, when the Wife
 Of wrong'd *Urias* he seduc'd ; nor stopt
 Till Murder crown'd his Lust. Hence him the
 Wrath
 Of righteous Heaven, awaking, long pursued
 With sore Disease, and fill'd his Loins with Pain.
 All Day he roar'd, and all the tedious Night 155
 Bedew'd his Couch with Tears ; and still his
 Groans
 Breathe musical in sacred Song. What Woes !
 What

What Pains he tried ! But now this Plague attacks
 With double rancour, and severely marks 160
 Modern Offenders : undermines at once
 The Fame and Nose, that by unseemly Lapse
 Awkward deforms the human Face divine
 With ghastly Ruins. Tho' this Breach, they say,
 Nice *Taliacotius*' Art, with substitute 165
 From Porter's borrow'd, or the callous Breech
 Of sedentary Weaver, oft repair'd.
 Precarious, for no sooner Fate demands
 The parent Stock than (pious Sympathy !)
 Revolts the adopted Nose.—Such Ills attend 170
 Th' obscene Embrace of Harlots. Wiser thou
 Find some soft Nymph whom tender Sympathy
 Attracts to thee, while all her Captives else,
 Aw'd by majestick Beauty, mourn aloof
 Her charms to thee, by nuptial Vows, and Choice
 More sure, devoted. Sacrifice to her 176
 The precious hours, nor grudge with such a Mate
 The Summer's day to toy or Winter's night.
 Now with your happy Arms her Waist surround,
 Fond-grasping ; on her swelling Bosom now 180
 Recline your Cheek, with eager Kisses press
 Her balmy Lips, and drinking from her Eyes
 Resistless Love, the tender Flame confess,
 Ineffable but by the murmuring Voice
 Of genuine Joy ; then hug and kiss again, 185
 Stretch'd on the flow'ry turf, while joyful glows
 The manly Pride, and throbbing with Desire
 Pants earnest, felt thro' all the obstacles

That

That intervene : but Love, whose fervid Course
 Mountains nor Seas oppose, can soon remove 190
 Barriers so slight. Then when her lovely Limbs,
 Oft lovely deem'd, far lovelier now beheld,
 Thro' all your trembling Joints increase the Flame;
 Forthwith discover to her dazzled sight
 The stately Novelty, and to her Hand 195
 Usher the new Acquaintance. She perhaps
 Averse will coldly chide, and half afraid,
 Blushing, half pleas'd, the tumid Wonder view
 With Neck retorted and oblique Regard ;
 Nor quite her curious Eye indulging, nor 200
 Refraining quite. Perhaps when you attempt
 The sweet Admission, toyful she resists
 With shy Reluctance ; nathless you pursue
 The soft Attack, and push the gentle War,
 Fervent, till quite o'erpower'd the melting Maid
 Faintly opposes. On the Brink at last 205
 Arriv'd of giddy Rapture, plunge not in
 Precipitant, but spare a Virgin's Pain ;
 Oh ! spare a gentle Virgin ! spare yourself !
 Lest sanguine War Love's tender Rites profane 210
 With fierce Dilaceration, and dire Pangs
 Reciprocal. Nor droop because the Door
 Of Bliss seems shut and barricaded strong ;
 But triumph rather in this faithful Pledge
 Of Innocence, and fair Virginity 215
 Inviolatè. And hence the subtle Wench
 Her maiden Honours torn, in evil hour
 Unseemly torn, and shrunk her virgin Rose,
 Studious how best the guilty Wound to heal,

Her

Her Shame best palliate with fair outward Show
 Inward less strict, with painful hand collects 220
 The sylvan store. The lover *Myrtle* yields
 Her styptick Berries, and the horrid *Thorn*
 Its Prune austere ; in vain the *Caper* hides
 Its wand'ring Roots ; the mighty *Oak* himself, 225
 Sole Tyrant of the Shade, that long had 'scap'd
 The Tanner's rage, spoil'd of his callous Rhind,
 Stands bleak and bare. These, and a thousand
 more,

Of humbler Growth and far inferior Name,
Bistort, and *Dock*, and that way-faring Herb 230
Plantain, her various Forage, boil'd in Wine
 Yield their astringent Force, a Lotion prov'd
 Thrice powerful to contract the shameful Breach.
 Beware of these, for in our dangerous Days 234
 Such Counterfeits abound ; whom next to know
 Concerns. And here expect no Dye of Wound,
 No Wound is made ; the corrugated parts.
 With ill-dissembled Virtue (tho' severe,
 Not wrinkled into Frowns when genuine most)
 Relapse apace, and quit their borrow'd Tone 240
 Yet judge with Charity the varied Work
 Of Nature's Hand. Perhaps the purple Stream,
 Emollient Bath, leaves flexible and lax
 The parts it lately wash'd. But hapless he
 In nuptial Night, on whom a horrid Chasm 245
 Yawns dreadful, waste and wild ; like that thro'
 which

The wand'ring *Greek*, and *Cytherea's Son*,

Diving,

Diving, explor'd Hell's adamantine Gates :
 An unessential Void ; where neither Love
 Nor Pleasure dwells, where warm Creation dies
 Starv'd in th' abortive Gulph ; the dire Effects 250
 Of Use too frequent, or for Love or Gold.

Now hear me, *Lovers*, ye whose roving Hearts
 No sacred nuptial Chains have yet confin'd ;
 Attentive hear, and daily, nightly weigh 255
 The Counsels sage which, thro' thy raptur'd Breast,
 To you th' auspicious heavenly *Muse* conveys :
 The *Muse*, no soothing Minister of Vice ;
 Tho' now in sportive Vein to youthful Ears
 She tunes her Song, to give Instruction grace. 260
 Attend, ye Wife : No frantick *Bacchanal*,
 No shameless Bard of the licentious Rout
 Of flush'd *Silenus*, sings.—What *Nature* bids
 Is good, is wise ; and faultless] we obey.
 We must obey ; howe'er hard *Stoick* dreams 265
 Of *Apathy*, much vaunted, seldom prov'd :
 For oft beneath the philosophick Gloom
 Sly *Lewdness* lurks, and oftener mazy *Guile*,
 That with well-mimick'd Love th' unwary Heart
 Lures to its Fate, and hails while it betrays. 270
 There bloated *Pride* too dwells, and baneful *Hate*,
 And dark *Revenge*, than which a deadlier Fiend
 Ne'er pour'd its Venom thro' a human breast.
 Far hence be these. We know great *Nature's*
 Power, 274

Mother of Things, whose vast unbounded Sway
 From the deep Center all around extends .
 Wide to the flaming Barriers of the World.

We feel her power; we strive not to repress
 (Vainly repress'd, or to Deformity)
 Her lawful Growth; ours be the Task alone 280
 To check her rude Excrescences, to prune
 Her wanton Overgrowth, and where she strays
 In uncouth Shapes to lead her gently back,
 With prudent Hand, to Form and better Use.

For wisest Ends this universal Power 285
 Gave *Appetites*, from whose quick Impulse Life
 Subsists, by which we only live, all Life
 Insipid else, unactive, unenjoy'd.
 Hence too this peopled Earth, which, That extinct,
 That Flame for *Propagation*, soon would roll 290
 A lifeless Mass, and vainly cumber Heaven.
 Then Love of Pleasure sways each Heart, and we
 From that no more than from ourselves can fly.
 Blameless when governed well. But where it errs
 Extravagant, and wildly leads to Ill, 295
 Publick or private, there its curbing Power
 Cool Reason must exert.—This Lesson weigh,
 Ye tender Pairs. Indulge your gentle Flames,
 Each fondest Wish, and bathe your Souls in Love.
 But let Discretion guard the Hour of Bliss, 300
 Virtuous in Pleasure. So you shall enjoy
 Pleasure unmix'd, and without Thorn the Rose.
 This Caution scorn'd, beware th' Event perverse:
 Expect for Pleasure, Pain and sharp Remorse;
 For Love, Aversion; and each broken Vow 305
 The Jest of Fools, the Pity of the Wise.

Be secret, Lovers. Let no dangerous Spy
 Catch your soft Glances, as oblique they deal
 Mutual contagion, darting all the Soul
 In missive Love, nor hear your lab'ring Sighs. 310
 But chiefly when the high-wrought Rapture calls,
 Impatient, to soft Deeds, then, then retire
 From every mortal ken. *The sapient King*
 (Whose Loves who could defame?) in the mild
 Gloom,

Deep in the Center of his Gardens, hid, 315
Held Dalliance with his fair Ægyptian Spouse.

Find then some soft obscure retreat, untrod
 By mortals else, where thick-embow'ring Shades
 Condense to darkness, and embrown the day:
 There, safe from all prophane access, pursue 320
 Love's bashful Rites. For oft the curious eye
 Of prying Childhood, and th' Aspect malign,
 Waning, and wan, of Virgin stale in years,
 Shed baneful Influence on the Rites of Love.

And thou, my Son, when floods of mellowing wine
 And social joys have loosen'd all thy breast, 331
 When every Secret gushes, this at least
 This one reserve, of Love and bounteous Charms
 Of trusting Beauty; venturing all for thee,
 For thy Delight, her Fortune and her Fame; 335
 For her thou nothing. Hold! Ingrateful, hold
 Thy wanton tongue. Leave to the last of Fools,
 Of Villains! that ungenerous Vanity,

Cruel

Cruel and base, to vaunt of secret Joys;
 Of Joys on thee, so vaunting, ill-bestow'd. 336
 O, dare not thus with mortal sting to wound
 The tender helpless Sex. Does thy vile Breath
 So blast my Sister's, or my Daughter's Fame,—
 By Heaven thou dy'st! thy treacherous Blood
 alone 339
 Can wash my Honour clean. Prudent meantime,
 Ye generous Maids, revenge your Sex's Wrong;
 Let not the mean Destroyer e'er approach
 Your sacred Charms. Now muster all your Pride,
 Contempt, and Scorn, that shot from Beauty's Eye
 Confounds the mighty impudent, and smites 345
 The Front unknown to shame. Trust not his vows,
 His labour'd Sighs, and well dissembled Tears,
 Nor swell the Triumph of known Perjury.

MEANWHILE, my Son, if angry Fate, or Love
 Grown indiscreet, or loud *Lucina*, tell
 Th' important Secret: Is thy mate well form'd,
 Virtuous, and equal for thy lawful Bed,
 Save her, I charge thee, from foul Infamy,
 And lonely Shame; let Wedlock's holy tie
 Legitimate th' indissoluble flames. 355
 If abject Birth, dishonourable, and Mind
 Incultivate or vicious, to that height
 Forbid her hopes to climb; at least secure
 From Penury her humble state, by thee
 Else humbled more, and to Necessity, 360
 Stern foe to Virtue, Fame, and Life, betray'd,

A hapless Prey. O! let no Parent's Woe,
 No plaints of trusting Innocence, nor Tears
 Of pining Beauty, blast thy guilty Joys,
 Shall she, so late the softner of thy Life, 365
 Thy chief Delight, whose melting Essence oft
 Lay with thy melting Essence kindly mix'd
 (As far as Bodies and embodied Souls
 Can mingle) she, who deem'd thy Vows sincere,
 Thy Passion more than selfish, and thy Love 370
 To her devoted as was her's to thee;
 Shall she (O! cruel Perfidy) at last
 When with her tainted Name the Winds grow sick,
 When envious Prudery chides, affecting scorn
 Of natural Joys, and they of *publick Fame* 375
 Insulting hail her Sister, while each Friend
 Disgusted flies, shall she not find in thee
 Unshaken Amity? When to thy Arms,
 Well-known, with wonted Confidence she flies,
 To pour her Sorrows forth, and sooth her Cares, 380
 Shall she then find thy faithless Heart from home,
 From her estrang'd? At that disastrous Hour
 Wilt thou ungently spurn her from thy Love?
 To waste in sickly Grief her once-priz'd Charms,
 Forlorn to languish out her Life, to lead 385
 Despis'd, unwedded, her Dishonour'd Days?
 Or, if her barren Fortune, hard like thee,
 Scowls meagre want (whose iron empire Pride
 Reluctant, and her Off-spring Modesty
 Blushing, at last obey) unskill'd in Arts 390

Of mercenary *Venus*, to increase
 The rompish Band, that, without Pleasure lewd,
 With dep-felt sorrow gay, thro' *Trivia*'s reign
 Nightly solicit Lovers; oft repuls'd,
 Oft, when invited to the barren Toil, 395
 Thankless deserted by their slipp'ry Loves.
 Or to the Salt of Years, where tedious Lust
 Uncouth and monstrous creeps thro' freezing Loins,
 Patient submitted; to the boist'rous Will
 Of midnight Ruffians, to abhor'd Disease, 400
 Hourly expos'd, and *Draco*'s fiercer Rage.
 Spare, mighty *Draco*! spare a hapless Race,
 By thy own Sex to wretchedness betray'd.
 A Woman bore thee; by each tender Name
 Of Woman, spare. Hast thou or Daughter fair,
 Or Sister? They, but for a happier Birth, 406
 The Gift of Fate, and, Honour's Guardian, Pride
 Early inspir'd, had swell'd the common Stream.
 While she whom now thy awful Name dismays,
 Portentous heard from far, with Fortune's Smiles
 And fair Example, might have grac'd thy Bed, 410
 A virtuous Mate in every Charm compleat.
 A pious Duty next, neglected oft,
 Demands my Song. If from thy secret Bed
 Of Luxury, unbidden Off-spring rise, 415
 Let them be kindly welcom'd to the Day.
 'Tis Nature bids. To Nature's high Behests
 Attend, and from the monster-breeding Deep,
 The ravag'd Air, and howling Wilderness,

Learn parent Virtues. Shall the growling Bear 420
 Be more a Sire than thou? An Infant once,
 Helpless and weak, but for paternal Care,
 Thou hadst not liv'd to propagate a Race
 To Misery, to resign to Step-dame Fate
 Perhaps a worthier Off-spring than thy Sire 425
 Tenderly rear'd. For from the stoll'n Embrace,
 Untir'd with worn Acquaintance, keenly urg'd,
 Elate with generous Rapture, likeliest springs
 The noblest Brood, most animated, best. 429
 What Heroes hence have issued! what fam'd Chiefs!
 And Demi-gods, of old! The Stealth of Love
 Gave *Greece* her *Hercules*, and mighty *Rome*
 First rose beneath a random Son of *Mars*.
 Thy Vigour too, the Blossom of thy Strength,
 Reckless and wild profus'd, in dangerous Days, 435
 Or in the Senate wise, and nobly warm
 To publick Good, may save the crushing State;
 Or, bold in Arms, may roll her Thunders forth
 To shatter distant Skies, and rous'd to Blood
 Usher the *British Lion* to the Field. 440
 Thy Country claims thy care; nurse well her Hopes,
 And thine; nor thou her Church's hungry Wolves,
 Hight *Overseers*, with thy own Children's gore
 Sate, if Rapine know Satiety.
 For, bred to Death, and of sagacious Nose, 445
 A prowling Herd, lur'd with the recent Smell
 Of secret Birth, their Carnage sweet, or led
 By infant Wailings, querulous, and shrill,
 Beset

Beset thy frighted Gates. These timely thou
 Prevent, or mourn too late thy ravish'd Gold 450
 And captive Son; to the street-dunning Tribe
 Of Mendicants let out, fictitious Badge
 Of low Distress: there to what life of Pain
 Led up who knows? to what disgraceful Fate, 444
 What Gibbet, bred? Or from his Parent's Arms,
 With Nurse unpitying, unbenign, exil'd
 To squalid Lodge, to find in Famine's Cave
 A ling'ring Death; or by a deadlier Hag,
 Than her that rides the lab'ring Night, oppress'd
 Untimely sink beneath a heavier Fate. 460
 While they, the sons of licens'd Rapine, screen'd
 Under the Altar of the God of Life
 With murder stain'd, on what should raise thy Son
 Nightly regale, carnivorous; for them
 The Heifer bleeds, or for her slaughter'd Young 465
 Roams wild the woodland Bounds: and what
 should now

To thy young Hopes run soft in balmy Rills
 Lacteous, to them in deep *Oporto* flows,
 Or hot *Madeira*. Thus the sanguine Feast 469
 They crown, nor dread the Cry of infant Blood.

THESE Precepts wisely keep, by these direct
 Thy Steps thro' Pleasure's Labyrinth. Unhurt
 And unoffending, thus thy tutor'd Feet
 May tread the Wilds of else-delusive Joy.
 So shall no Sorrows wound, no ruder Cares 475
 Disturb thy Pleasures, no remorseful Tears

Attend

Attend thy gay delight ; nor Sighs make way,
 But such as heave the pleasure-burden'd Breast,
 As utter Love, with speechless Eloquence
 Well understood, and breathe from Soul to Soul
 The soft Infection, fondly still receiv'd. 481

Almighty *Love* ! O, unexhausted source
 Of universal Joy ! first Principle
 Of *Nature* all-creating ! Harmony

By which her mighty Movements all are rul'd ! 485

Soft Tyrant of each Element ! whose Sway

Resistless thro' the Wilds of Air is felt,

Thro' Earth, and the deep Empire of the Main !

Thy willing Slaves, we own thy gentle Power,

In us supreme, with kind Endearments rais'd 490

Above the merely-sensual Touch of Brutes.

By thy soft Charm the savage Breast is tam'd.

The Genius rais'd. Thy heavenly warmth inspires

Whate'er is noble, generous, or humane,

Or elegant ; whate'er adorns the Mind. 495

Graces or sweetens Life : and without thee

Nothing or gay, or amiable appears.

YET not to Love (thus polishing the Soul,

Thus charming, tho' of every finer Breast

The sovereign Joy) yet not to love alone 500

Yield languid all your Hours. The self-same Cates

Still offer'd soon the Appetite offend ;

The most delicious soonest. Other Joys,

Other Pursuits, their equal Share demand

Of

Of Cultivation. These with kindly Change 505
 Will cheer your sweetly-varied Days; from these
 With quicker Sense you shall and firmer Nerves
 Return to Love, when Love again invites.
 Be those the least neglected which inform
 With Virtue, Sense and Elegance, the Mind: 510
 Those what before was amiable improve,
 And lend to Love new Grace and Dignity.
 Life too has serious Cares, which madly scorn'd
 The Means of Pleasure melt.—And Age will come,
 When Love, alas! the Flower of human Joys, 515
 Must shrink in horrid Frost. O, hapless he!
 Thrice hapless then! whose only Joy was That;
 Whose young Desires tumultuous still engage
 To wield a Load of unobedient Limbs 519
 With vain Attempt. Him the inclement Power
 Of craving *Impotence*, to fonder Toys
 Than other Dotage knows, or easy-dup'd
 Credulity can well believe, incites.
 Him all the Nymphs despise, and the young Loves
 With leering Scorn behold; while vigorous Heat
 Has fled his shaken Limbs, surviving still 526
 In his green Fancy. Thence what desperate Toil
 By Flagellation, and the rage of Blows,
 To rouse the *Venus* loitering in his Veins!
 Fruitless, for *Venus* unsolicited 530
 The kindest smiles, abhorring painful Rites.
 Cease, reverend Fathers! from those youthful Sports
 Retire, before unfinish'd Feats betray

Your

Your slacken'd Nerves. The hoary Years, design'd
 For Wisdom, for sedate Philosophy, 535
 And Contemplation, ill agree with Love.
 Cheerful retire : nor grudge in peevish Psha's,
 Like envious Monitors, the sprightly Joys
 Of lusty Youth. You had your genial Time
 Of Pleasure : ours is on the rapid Wing. 540

And you whose youthful Blood impetuous rolls,
 With generous Spirits fraught and kindly Balm,
 Husband your Vigour well ; if aught or Health,
 Or Off-spring numerous, beautiful and strong,
 Or Pleasure weigh. For from the trite Embrace
 Follow faint Relaxation, Strength impair'd,
 Disgust, and mutual Apathy, Love's Bane.
 Some boast, I know, their Vigour to renew
 And keen Desire, by Food restorative,
 Or Pharmacy more noxious. *Orchis* hence, 550
 Lascivious Bulb, *Satyrion* better nam'd,
 And that maritime, which the sea-born Queen
 Feeds with her Native Spume, *Eryngo* mild ;
Boletus, fam'd among the fungous Tribe,
 And fell *Cantharides*, in various Forms 555
 Are us'd. But what ensues ? Diseases more
 Than ever burden'd *Auster's* dropping Wings.
 Cold *Tremors*, *Spasms* and *Cephalæa's* dire,
 Eternal Flux of Nature's balmy Dew,
Tabes, and gaunt *Merasmus*, hideous Loss 560
 Of god-like Reason, and the imprison'd rage
 Of

Of fierce *Lipyría*, whose collected Fires
 The Vitals only seize. Or if the Sons
 Of jaded Luxury those Plagues escape, 564
 They waste their melting Youth, and bring grey
 Hairs

Before their time, grey Hairs and idle Years.
 Leave Nature to herself, nor covet more
 Than Nature gives, that but to real Wants
 Each well-conducted Appetite provokes. 569

BUT chiefly thee, fair Nymph, behoves to know
 That Love and Joy when in their Prime most fear
 Decay, the Fate of all created Things.
 Be frugal then: the coyly-yielded Kifs
 Charms most, and gives the most sincere Delight.
 Cheapness offends, hence on the Harlot's Lip 575
 No Rapture hangs, however fair she seem,
 However form'd for Love and amorous Play.
 Hail, *Modesty*! fair Female Honour, hail!
 Beauty's chief Ornament, and Beauty's self!
 For Beauty must with Virtue ever dwell, 580
 And thou art Virtue! and without thy Charm
 Beauty is insolent, and Wit profane.

Thou giv'st the Smile its Grace, the heighten'd Kifs
 Its balmy Essence sweet! and but for thee
 The very Raptures of the lawful Bed, 585
 Were Outrage and foul Riot, Rites obscene!
 Celestial *Maid*! be it lawful that with Lips
 Profane I name thee, and in wanton Song.
 But in these vicious Days great Nature's Laws
 Are

Are spurn'd ; eternal *Virtue*, which nor Time
 Nor Place can change, nor Custom changing all,
 Is mock'd to scorn ; and *lewd Abuse* instead,
 Daughter of Night, her shameless Revels holds
 O'er half the Globe, while the chaste Face of Day
 Eclipses at her Rites. For Man with Man, 599
 And Man with Woman (monstrous to relate !)
 Leaving the natural Road, themselves debase
 With Deeds unseemly, and Dishonour foul.
Britons, for shame ! Be Male and Female still.
 Banish this foreign Vice ; it grows not here, 600
 It dies, neglected : and in Clime so chaste
 Cannot but by forc'd Cultivation thrive.
 So cultivated swells the more our Shame,
 The more our Guilt. And shall not greater Guilt
 Meet greater Punishment and heavier Doom ? 605
 Not lighter for Delay. Did Justice spare
 The Men of *Sodom* erst ? Like us they sinn'd,
 Like us they sought the Paths of monstrous Joy ;
 Till, urg'd to Wrath at last, all-patient Heaven
 Descending wrapt them in sulphureous Storm. 610
 And where proud Palaces appear'd, the Haunts
 Of Luxury, now sleeps a sullen Pool :
 Vengeful Memorial of Almighty Ire,
 Against the Sons of Lewdness exercis'd ;

THE END.



THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.
BOOK I.
AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
HYGEIA*; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth: auspicious, O descend! 5
Thou chearful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tracts
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain. 10
B When

* Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

When thro' the blue serenity of heaven
 Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
 Of Pain and Sicknes, squalid and deform'd,
 Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
 Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends 15
 Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
 Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
 Swarm thro' the shudd'ring air: whatever plagues
 Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
 Rise from the putrid watry element, 20
 The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
 That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
 Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
 Whatever baneful breathes the rotten South;
 Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change 25
 Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
 They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all
 The secret poisons of avenging heaven,
 And all the pale tribes halting in the train
 Of Vice and heedless Pleasure: or if aught 30
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,
 Portend disastrous to the vital world;
 Thy salutary power averts their rage,
 Averts the general bane: and but for thee 35
 Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without



PRESERVING HEALTH.

3

Without thy chearful active energy
 No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
 No more the maids of Helicon delight.
 Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly gay! 40
 Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws;
 "How best the fickle fabrick to support
 "Of mortal man; in healthful body how
 "A healthful mind the longest to maintain." 45
 'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse
 The best, and those of most extensive use;
 Harder in clear and animated song
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace 50
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
 Thro' paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
 Which taught to check the pestilential fire, 55
 And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
 O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
 Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
 Indulge, O MEAD! a well design'd essay,
 Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I 60
 My little knowledge with my country share,
 Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

B 2

Ye

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind ;
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,
 The dying, sickning, and the living world
 Exhal'd, to fully heaven's transparent dome 70
 With dim mortality. It is not Air
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
 Of nature ; when from shape and texture she 75
 Relapses into fighting elements :
 It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
 Much moisture hurts ; but here a fordid bath,
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.
 Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
 This slumbering deep remains, and ranker grows
 With sickly rest : and (tho' the lungs abhor 85
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
 Roll'd from so many thund'ring chimnies, tame
 The putrid steams that overwarm the sky ;
 This caustic venom would perhaps corrode 90
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,

In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd ;
 Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood, 95
 And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
 While yet you breathe, away ; the rural wilds
 Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales ;
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
 That fans the ever undulating sky ; 100
 A kindly sky ! whose soft'ring pow'r regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
 Find then some woodland scene where Nature smiles
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
 To us there wants not many a happy Seat ; 105
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
 See where enthron'd in adamantinè state,
 Proud of her bards, imperial *Windſor* fits ;
 There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove 110
 Fast by the slowly-winding *Thames* ; or where
 Broader she laves fair *Richmond's* green retreats,
 (*Richmond* that sees an hundred villas rise
 Rural or gay.) O ! from the summer's rage,
 O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides 115
 Umbrageous *Ham* ! But if the busy Town
 Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
 Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
 In *Hampstead*, courted by the western wind ;

Or *Greenwich*, waving o'er the winding flood ; 120
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
 Of *Dulwich*, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
 Green rise the *Kentish* hills in chearful air ;
 But on the marshy plains that *Essex* spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet.
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf, 126
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides : a meagre Fiend
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens. 130
 From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
 With sev'rish blasts subdues the sickning land :
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
 That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
 And rack the joints, and every torpid limb ; 136
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow : a short relief from former ills.
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ; 140
 The chearful, pure, and animated bloom
 Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
 And oft the Sorceress, in her sated wrath,
 Relinquish them to the furies of her train ; 145
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
 Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In

PRESERVING HEALTH. 7

In quest of Sites, avoid the mournful plain
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow : 150
 Nor for the wealth that all the *Indies* roll
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
 For from the humid soil and watry reign
 Eternal vapours rise; the spongy air
 For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight 155
 Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
 Skies such as these let ev'ry mortal shun
 Who dreads the dropfy, palsy, or the gout,
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;
 Or any other injury that grows 160
 From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
 Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
 In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
 For Air may be too dry. The subtile heaven, 165
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
 Bare and extended wide without a stream,
 Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph
 Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay 170
 Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
 Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood

A mass

A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
 That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins, 175
 Unactive in the services of life,
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
 The secret mazy channels of the brain.
 The melancholic Fiend (that worst despair
 Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man 180
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
 Too stretch'd a tone: and hence in climes adust
 So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
 And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes 185
 Of Air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
 But as the power of chusing is deny'd
 To half mankind, a further task ensues;
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
 How breathe unhurt the withering element, 190
 Or hazy atmosphere: Tho' Custom moulds
 To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay;
 And he who first the fogs of *Effex* breath'd
 (So kind is native air) may in the fens
 Of *Effex* from inveterate ills revive 195
 At pure *Montpelier* or *Bermuda* caught.
 But if the raw and oozy heaven offend:
 Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
 Of watry exhalation; wide and deep
 Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog; 200
 Sollici-

Sollicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream ;
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;
Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames. 205
Mean time, at home with chearful fires dispel
The humid air : and let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds
Of tamer breed supply : or what the wilds
Yield to the toilsom pleasures of the chase. 210
Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
But frugal be your cups ; the languid frame,
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens.
But neither these nor all Apollo's arts, 215
Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
Unless with exercise and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.
The fat'ning clime let all the sons of ease
Avoid ; if indolence would wish to live ; 220
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
In fairer skies. If drougthy regions parch
The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood ;
Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air ; 225
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
Here spread your gardens wide ! and let the cool,
The

The moist relaxing vegetable store
 Prevail in each repast: Your food supplied 230
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
 To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass
 You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave;
 That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood 235
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
 Of keen Sherbet the sickle taste relieve. 240
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach 246
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs 250
 Bedew'd, our Seasons droop: incumbent still
 A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.
 Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise
 Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
 Had left the dungeons of eternal night, 255
 Till black with thunder all the South descends.

Scarce

Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
 Our melting clime; except the baleful East
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk 260
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
 Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
 This dismal change! The brooding elements
 Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague? 265
 Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above
 That lofty *Albion* melt into the main?
 Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds
 That drown or wither: Give the genial West 270
 To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
 And may once more the circling seasons rule
 The year; not mix in ev'ry monstrous day.

Mean time the moist malignity to shun
 Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champaign
 Swells into chearful hills; where Marjoram 276
 And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
 And where the * *Cynorrhodon* with the rose
 For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes. 280
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.

And

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.

And let them see the winter morn arise,
 The summer evening blushing in the west ;
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind 285
 O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
 O! when the growling winds contend, and all
 The founding forest fluctuates in the storm ;
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din 290
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
 The murm'ring riv'let, and the hoarser strain
 Of waters rushing o'er the slipp'ry rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest. 295
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,
 Where health is studied ; for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
 And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes 300
 The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat, and uninfected Gods.
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds 305
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But

PRESERVING HEALTH. 13

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain, 310
Involve my hill! And wheresoe'er you build;
Whether on sun-burnt *Epsom*, or the plains
Wash'd by the silent *Lee*; in *Chelsea* low,
Or high *Blackheath* with wintery winds assail'd;
Dry be your house: but airy more than warm. 315
Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
Your tender body thro' with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarseness bind your
voice,

Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell 320
In cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,
Let lofty cielings grace your ample rooms;
And still at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here, 325
And theatres open to the south, commend?
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
How pale, the plants in those ill fated vales
That, circled round with the gigantic heap 330
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the sun!
While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet; 335
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,

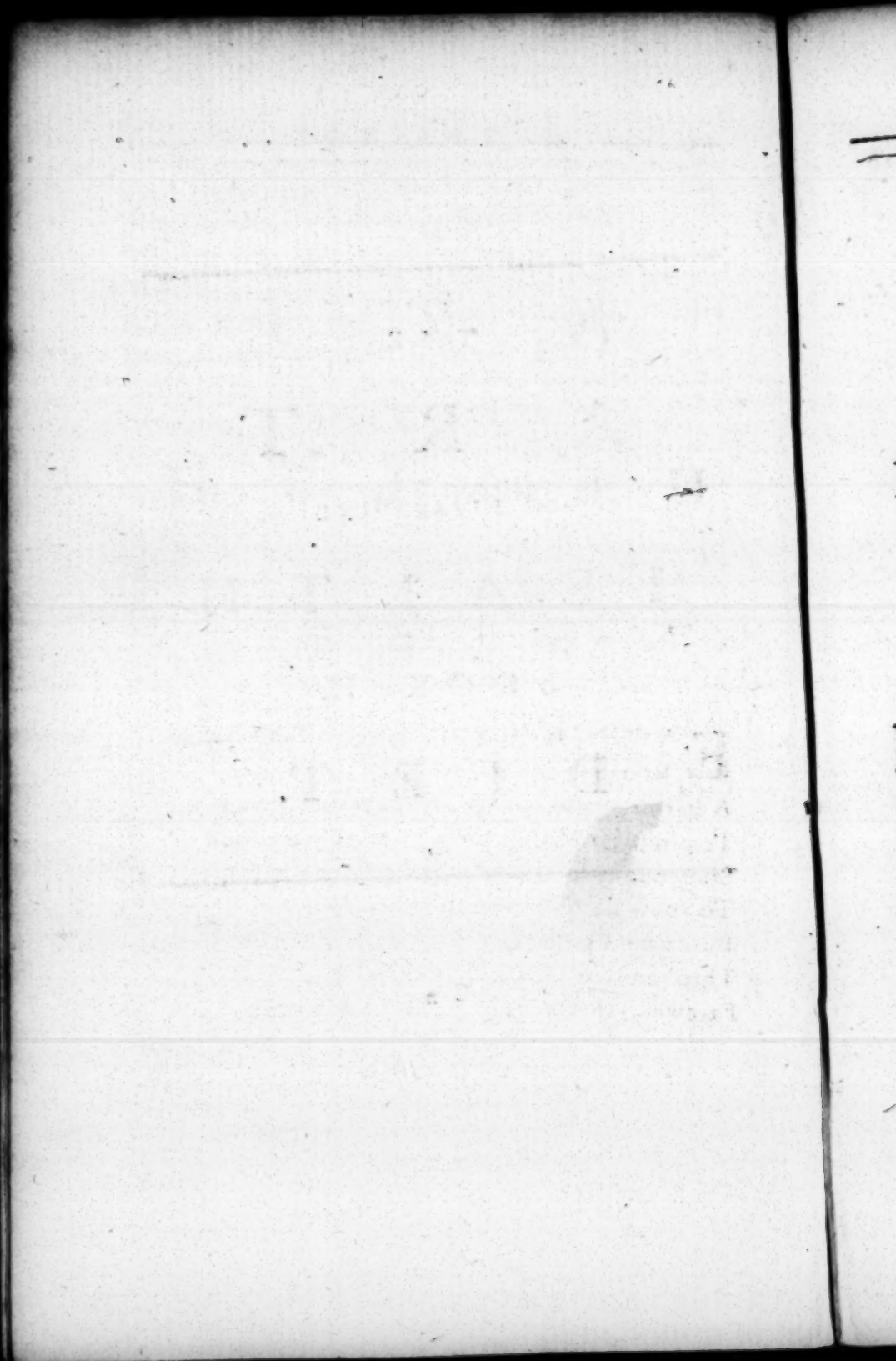
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And

And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The soft'ring sun; whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat
Glow's thro' the mass of grosser elements, 344
And kindles into life the ponderous spheres,
Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul; the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than God! 346

THE

THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.
BOOK II.
DIET.



THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.
BOOK II.
D I E T.

ENOUGH of Air. A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow ; not ev'n a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath, 5
To rouse a noble horror in the soul :
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewel, ethereal fields! the humbler arts

Of life; the Table and the homely Gods, 10
Demand my song. Elyfian gales, adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives; 15
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded; scourg'd for ever round and round;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin 20
It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates
Arc open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide 25
That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, those plastic particles
Rebuild: So mutable the state of man. 30
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood. 34
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;

The

PRESERVING HEALTH. 19

The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To different parts their winding course pursue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on, 40
Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin:
By violent powers too easily subdu'd, 45
Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste 50
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
The full repast; and let sagacious age 55
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers;
And soon the tender vegetable mass 59
Relents; and soon the young of those that tread
The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
Or pathless sky. And if the Steer must fall

In

In youth and sanguine vigour let him die;
 Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
 Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke: 65
 Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
 Indulge the veteran Ox: But wiser thou,
 From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
 A race of purer blood, with exercise 70
 Refin'd and scanty fare: For, old or young,
 The stall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.
 Not all the culinary arts can tame,
 To wholesome food, the abominable growth
 Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste 75
 Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
 The languid stomach curses even the pure
 Delicious fat: and all the race of oil:
 For more the oily aliments relax
 Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph 80
 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
 Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles
 The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,
 So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
 Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence, 85
 What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
 Chuse leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
 Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:
 Chuse sober meals; and rouse to active life 89
 Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' infeebling down,
 Irresolute

Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
 But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
 With chearful ease and succulent repast
 Improve his slender habit. Each extreme
 From the blest mean of sanity departs.

I could relate what table this demands
 Or that complexion; what the various powers
 Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,
 And fifty more, before the tale were done.
 Besides there often lurks some nameless, strange,
 Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd, 101
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
 Which finds a poison in the food that most
 The temp'rate affects. There are, whose blood
 Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins, 105
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind'
 Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.
 Of chilly nature others fly the board
 Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal powers
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
 Some even the generous nutriment detest 110
 Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
 Of Pales; soft, delicious and benign:
 The balmy quintessence of every flower,
 And every grateful herb that decks the spring; 115
 The soft'ning dew of tender sprouting life;

The

The best refection of declining age :
 The kind restorative of those who lie
 Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death. 120
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
 There is not such a salutary food
 As suits with every stomach. But (except,
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which 125
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all;)
 Taught by experience soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long ;
 Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face, 130
 Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue ;
 Or much diminish or too much increase
 Th' expence, which nature's wise œconomy,
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
 Such cates adjur'd, let prouling hunger loose, 135
 And bid the curious palate roam at will ;
 They scarce can err amid the various stores
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives ; 140
 The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
 Would at the manger starve ; Of milder seeds
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain

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Confines his wish ; tho' fabling *Greece* resound
The *Thracian* steeds with human carnage wild. 145
Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment ;
But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this power within, 150
Their cravings are well aim'd : Voluptuous Man
Is by superior faculties misled ;
Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste, 155
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;
And know, that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride ? Pursue some nobler aim. 160
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire ;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as
yours,
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates. 164
Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow ?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade ? 170
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or

Or by a heart too generous and humane,
 Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
 There are, while human miseries abound, 175
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
 Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste. 180
 Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
 Each other violate; and oft we see
 What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
 From combinations of innoxious things.
 Th' unbound'd taste I mean not to confine 185
 To hermit's diet needlessly severe,
 But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
 Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
 Of every realm. It matters not mean while 190
 How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
 So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
 To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste
 With caution fruits you never tried before. 195
 For want of use the kindest aliment
 Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
 Of poison to mild amity with life.

So

PRESERVING HEALTH. 25

So heav'n has form'd us to the general taste
 Of all its gifts ; so custom has improv'd 200
 This bent of nature ; that few simple foods,
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
 But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
 Of light reflection, at the genial board
 Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast 205
 To dull satiety ; till soft and slow
 A drowzy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
 Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
 The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues 210
 The softest food : unfinished and deprav'd,
 The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
 Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams
 So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt 215
 Th' unripen'd grape ? Or what mechanic skill
 From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
 Of plagues : but more immedicable ills
 Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows 220
 How to disburden the too tumid veins,
 Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood ;
 But to unlock the elemental tubes,
 Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
 And with balsamic nutriment repair 225

D

The

The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
 Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;
 Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
 Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
 When hunger calls, obey ; nor often wait 230
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :
 For the keen appetite will feast beyond
 What nature well can bear ; and one extreme
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb 235
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers,
 Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
 And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ;
 And hear, ye hardiest sons that *Albion* breeds 240
 Long tofs'd and famish'd on the wintry main ;
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore
 Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy ;
 Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day :
 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
 Than war or famine. While the vital fire 246
 Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on ;
 But prudently foment the wandering spark
 With what the soonest feels its kindred touch :
 Be frugal ev'n of that : a little give 250
 At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;
 Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
 Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But

PRESERVING HEALTH. 27

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
 Extremes have each their vice ; it much avails 255
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
 From this to that : So nature learns to bear
 Whatever, chance, or headlong appetite
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury 260
 Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
 Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
 Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours ;
 Then is the time to shun the tempting board,
 Were it your natal or your nuptial day. 265
 Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
 The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
 Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
 Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
 Most in the tender vegetable breed : 270
 Then chiefly when the summer's beams inflame
 The brazen heavens ; or angry Sirius sheds
 A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.
 The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
 From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand, 275
 Will save your head from harm, tho' round the
 world
 The dreaded * Causos roll his wasteful fires.
 Pale humid winter loves the generous board,
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;
 And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer 280

D 2

His

* The burning fever.

His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
 The empires of heat and cold ; by neither claim'd,
 Influenc'd by both ; a middle regimen
 Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain
 Descending, nature by degrees invites 285
 To glowing luxury. But from the depth
 Of winter when th' invigorated year
 Emerges ; when Favonius flush'd with love,
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends 289
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride ;
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks
 And learn, with wise humanity, to check
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
 A various offspring to th' indulgent sky :
 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand 295
 The prone creation ; yields what once suffic'd
 Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young ;
 Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd
 The human breast. Each rolling month matures
 The food that suits it most ; so does each clime. 300

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
 Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole ;
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother, 305
 Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
 Untam'd, untractable, no harvests wave :

Pomona

Pomona hates them, and the clownish God
 Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
 Such cooling gifts were vain: A fitter meal 310
 Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
 Of ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
 With generous fare and luxury profuse.
 These are their bread, the only bread they know;
 These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops
 The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills, 316
 Or scales the fattening moss, or savage rocks.
 Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South
 Her swarthy sons in either Ind' maintains:
 Or thirsty Libya; from whose fervid loins
 The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams 320
 The affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
 Aduſt and dry, no sweet repaſt affords:
 Nor does the tepid main ſuch kinds produce,
 So perfect, ſo delicious, as the ſhoals
 Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood 325
 Brews feveriſh frays; where ſcarce the tubes ſuſtain
 Its tumid fervour and tempeſtuous courſe;
 Kind Nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe.
 But here in livid ripeneſs melts the Grape:
 Here, finiſh'd by invigorating ſuns, 330
 Thro' the green ſhade the golden orange glows:
 Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields
 A generous pulp; the Coco ſwells on high,
 With milky riches; and in horrid mail

The crisp Ananas wraps its poignant sweets; 335
 Earth's vaunted progeny : In ruder air
 Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live ;
 Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
 To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
 Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn. 340
 Here buxom Ceres reigns : Th' autumnal sea
 In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
 What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
 Nature profuses most, and most the taste
 Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
 Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls. 346
 The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
 Supports in else intolerable air :
 While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove
 That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage 350
 The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;
 Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din 355
 Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in antient song.
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
 First springs the Nile ; here bursts the sounding Po
 In

PRESERVING HEALTH. 31

In angry waves ; Euphrates hence devolves 361
 A mighty flood to water half the East ;
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
 The chearless Tanais pours his hoary urn. 364
 What solemn twilight ! What stupendous shades
 Enwrap these infant floods ! Thro' every nerve
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round ;
 And more gigantic still th' impending trees
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
 Are these the confines of some fairy world ? 371
 A land of Genii ? Say, beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations ? If indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain, 375
 That subterraneous way ? Propitious maids,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
 Your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health
 Command) to praise your crystal element ; 380
 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works ;
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine ;
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
 And life, to all that vegetate or live. 385

O comfortable streams ! With eager lips
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
 New

New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
 None warmer sought the fires of human kind. 390
 Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
 Felt not the alternate fits of feverish mirth,
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
 Blest with divine immunity from ails, 396
 Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of Gods
 Return to visit their degenerate sons, 400
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
 With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
 Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without
 disdain 405

The choice of Water. Thus the * Coan sage
 Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every School.
 What least of foreign principles partakes
 Is best: The lightest then; what bears the touch
 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air; 410
 The most insipid; the most void of smell.
 Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
 Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale

For

* Hippocrates.

For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
 And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
 O'er rocks resounding, or for many a mile
 Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholesome yields
 And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
 And half the mountains melt into the tide.
 Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid 420
 The fordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
 As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals;
 (With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
 Squalid with generation, and the birth
 Of little monsters;) till the power of fire 425
 Has from prophane embraces disengag'd
 The violated lymph. The virgin stream
 In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow. 430
 But where the stomach, indolently given,
 Toys with its duty, animate with wine
 Th' insipid stream: Tho' golden Ceres yields
 A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
 Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all 435
 The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyfs
 Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
 And furious with intoxicating fire;
 Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
 Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years
 Embalm'd

Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine 449
 The puny wonders of the reptile world,
 The tender rudiments of life, the slim
 Unravellings of minute anatomy,
 Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain. 455

We curse not wine : The vile excess we blame ;
 More fruitful than th' accumulated board,
 Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
 Faster and surer swells the vital tide ;
 And with more active poison, than the floods 460
 Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
 The far-remote meanders of our frame.
 Ah ! sly deceiver ! Branded o'er and o'er,
 Yet still believ'd ! Exulting o'er the wreck,
 Of sober vows ! — But the Parnassian Maids 465
 * Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,
 The fatal charms, the many woes of wine ;
 ' Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers,

Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl,
 Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife, 470
 Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
 The loitering crudities that burthen life ;
 And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
 Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
 Is full of chances, which by habit's pow'r 475
 To

* See Book iv.

To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays 480
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won;
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein 486
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The least your bane: And only with your friends.
There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds. 490

Oh! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,
The sapless habit daily to bedew, 496
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain?

What dextrous thousands just within the goal
Of

Of wild debauch direct their nightly course?
 Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
 No morning admonitions shock the head.
 But ah! what wees remain! Life rolls apace, 505
 And that incurable disease old age,
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime:
 Except kind nature by some hasty blow
 Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
 Beyond its natural fervor hurries on 511
 The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
 Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
 And sows the temples with untimely snow. 515
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
 The heart's increasing force, and, day by day,
 The growth advances; till the larger tubes,
 Acquiring (from their * elemental veins,
 Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
 Sustain,

* In the human-body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

PRESERVING HEALTH. 37

Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood. 520
 Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
 Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes; 525
 Its various functions vigorously are plied
 By strong machinery; and in solid health
 The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
 But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,
 By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards tend.
 For still the beating tide consolidates 531
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
 To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart.
 This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
 To hard unyielding unelastic bone, 535
 Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
 It loiters still: And now it stirs no more.
 This is the period few attain; the death
 Of nature; thus (so heav'n ordain'd it) life 540
 Destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd
 Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;
 And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tower that long had
 stood
 The crash of thunder and the warring winds, 545
 E Shook

Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer Time,
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
 Descend : The Babylonian spires are sunk ;
 Achaia, Rome and Egypt moulder down. 550
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
 The sun himself, shall die ; and ancient night 555
 Again involve the desolate abyfs :
 Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeless gloom
 Extend his arm to light another world,
 And bid new planets roll by other laws.
 For thro' the regions of unbounded space, 560
 Where unconfined Omnipotence has room,
 BEING, in various system, fluctuates still
 Between creation and abhor'd decay :
 It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.
 New worlds are still emerging from the deep ; 565
 The old descending, in their turns to rise.

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OF PRESERVING
H E A L T H.
BOOK III.
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H E A L T H.
BOOK III.
EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' advent'rous Muse
has past;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her Theme, and hardly fit for Song;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts. 5
Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write; for you

E 3

I tame

I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
 And grow still paler by the midnight lamps. 10
 Not to debilitate with timorous rules
 A hardy frame ; nor needlessly to brave
 Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength ;
 Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
 Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd
 Who would with warm effeminacy nurse 16
 The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
 Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
 In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies ; 20
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend,
 He knows no laws by Esculapius given ;
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly 25
 When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
 Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
 To every casualty of varied life ;
 Serene he bears the peevish Eastern blast, 30
 And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life ;
 Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
 Is well repaid ; if exercise were pain 34
 Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these
 Laconia

PRESERVING HEALTH. 43

Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone; 40
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year; come, let us stray 45
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth 51
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods,
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine 55
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed.
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch 60
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight

Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer ;
 And thro' its deepest solitudes awake 65
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chace o'er hill and dale
 Exceed your strength ; a sport of less fatigue,
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream
 Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er 70
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
 Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent ;
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains ; such
 The Esk o'erhung with woods ; and such the stream,
 On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air, 76
 Liddal ; till now, except in Doric lays,
 Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
 Unknown in song : Tho' not a purer stream, 79
 Thro' meads more flowery or more romantic groves,
 Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred flood !
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest
 In rural innocence ; thy mountains still
 Teem with the fleecy race ; thy tuneful woods
 For ever flourish ; and thy vale look gay 85
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain !
 Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd :
 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
 With

With the well-imitated fly to hook
 The eager trout, and with the slender line
 And yielding rod solicit to the shore
 The struggling, panting prey; while vernal clouds
 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool, 95
 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane,
 Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains. 100
 But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,
 Or secret want of relish for the game,
 You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
 To haunt the peopled stream; the Garden yields
 A soft amusement, an humane delight. 105
 To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
 The amiable result of happy chance;
 Is to create; and gives a god-like joy, 110
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
 O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means 115
 Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
 His life approv'd by all the wise and good,

Even

Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
 Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares 120
 Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
 Happiest of men! if the same soil invites
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,
 Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue 125
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
 A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
 Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
 Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
 The vists best, and best conducts the stream; 130
 Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
 Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shews
 The earliest bloom; the sweetest, proudest charms
 Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
 To match the sprightly genius of Champaign. 135
 Thrice happy days! in rural business past;
 Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire
 Ohears the wide hall, his cordial family
 With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous frame,
 With witless wantonness to hunt it down: 141
 Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or song
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
 Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:
 Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour 145
 Of

Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
 His neighbours lift the latch, and blest unbid
 His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
 And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace 150
 Whate'er amuses, or improves the mind.

Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
 Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)
 The decent, honest, chearful husbandman 155
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
 And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
 Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
 The tennis some; and some the graceful dance. 160
 Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,
 Or naked stubble; where from field to field
 The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
 The gun's unerring thunder: And there are 165
 Whom still the *meed of the green archer charms.
 He chuses best, whose labour entertains
 His vacant fancy most; The toil you hate
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.
 As

* This word is much used by some of the English poets, and signifies Reward or Prize.

As beauty still has blemish; and the mind 170
 The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould
 But some one part is weaker than the rest:
 The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
 Or the chest labours. These assiduously, 175
 But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
 Acquire a vigour and elastic spring
 To which they were not born. But weaker parts
 Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and as your nerves 180
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
 The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
 At first but saunter; and by slow degrees
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
 Well knows the master of the flying steed. 185
 First from the goal the manag'd couriers play
 On bended reins; as yet the skilful youth
 Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way, 190
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
 When all at once from indolence to toil
 You spring, the fibrès by the hasty shock
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm. 195
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,

The

The purple mafs a fudden torrent rolls,
 O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
 With dangerous inundation : Oft the fource
 Of fatal woes ; a cough that foams with blood,
 Afthma, and feller * Peripneumony,
 Or the flow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic Fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
 Of foul is well compensated in limbs,
 Oft from his rage, or brainlefs frolic, feels 205
 His vegetation and brute force decay.
 The men of better clay and finer mould
 Know nature, feel the human dignity ;
 And fcorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
 Purfu'd prolixly, even the gentleft toil 210
 Is wafte of health ; repofe by fmall fatigue
 Is earn'd ; and (where your habit is not prone
 To thaw) by the firft moiſture of the brows.
 The fine and fubtle fpirits coft too much
 To be profus'd, too much the roſcid balm. 215
 But when the hard varieties of life
 You toil to learn ; or try the duſty chace,
 Or the warm deeds of ſome important day :
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
 In wiſh'd repofe ; nor court the fanning gale, 220
 Nor taſte the ſpring. O ! by the ſacred tears
 Of widows, orphans, mothers, ſiſters, fires,
 Forbear ! No other peſtilence has driven

F

Such

* The inflammation of the lungs.

Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
 Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse 225
 Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace:
 But there are secrets which who knows not now,
 Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
 Of Science; and devote seven years to toil.
 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears 230
 With what it little boots you to attain.
 He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
 Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools
 boil,
 What signs portend the storm: To subtler minds
 He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause 235
 Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
 Whence those impetuous currents in the main,
 Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
 The rough'ning deep expects the storm, as sure
 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven. 240

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
 For polish'd luxury and useful arts;
 All hot and reeking from the Olympic strife,
 And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs. 245
 Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
 Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
 The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
 Not much invites us to such arts as these.
 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace, 250
 And

PRESERVING HEALTH.

51

And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;
'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
Too soft; or teach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways. 255
For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce
In endless millions the close-woven skin,
The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this most copious, waste 260
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers
Of health befriended you, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move: But this restrain'd
Or more or less, so more or less you feel 265
The functions labour: From this fatal source
What woes descend is never to be sung.
To take their numbers were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air;
Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils
The Baltic, thunder on the German shore. 271
Subject not then by soft emollient arts
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To every caprice of the sky; nor thwart
The genius of your clime: For from the blood
Least fickle rise the recremental steams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air, 276

F 2

Which

250
And

Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores.
 The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
 His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heav'n;
 And hence our painted ancestors defied 281
 The East; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures
 Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean frost:
 Except, by habits foreign to its turn, 285
 Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.
 Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
 By long acquaintance: Study then your sky,
 Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun. 290
 Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n,
 To fortify their bodies, some frequent
 The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
 I praise their dauntless heart: A frame so steel'd
 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts, 295
 That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;
 The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,
 No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
 But all things have their bounds; and he who makes
 By daily use the kindest regimen 300
 Essential to his health, should never mix
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
 He not the safe vicissitudes of life
 Without some shock endures; ill fitted he

To

PRESERVING HEALTH. 53

To want the known, or bear unusual things. 305
 Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
 (Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
 Should never with your prosperous days of health
 Grow too familiar: For by frequent use
 The strongest medicines lose their healing power,
 And even the surest poisons theirs to kill. 311

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
 Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,
 Or the wide flood thro' rich Indostan roll'd,
 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave 315
 Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free
 Th' evaporation thro' the soften'd skin
 May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
 So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;
 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell: 320
 With us, the man of no complaint demands
 The warm ablution, just enough to clear
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
 The body sacred from indecent soil.
 Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce 325
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
 The want of this is Poverty's worst woe;
 With this external virtue Age maintains
 A decent grace; without it Youth and charms 330
 Are loathsome. This the skilful Virgin knows;

So-doubtless do your wives; For married fires,
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
 To lose a husband's than a lover's heart. 335

But now the hours and seasons when to toil
 From foreign themes recall my wandering song.
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame 340
 'Tis wisely done: For while the thirsty veins,
 Impatient of lean penury, devour
 The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
 To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
 Now while the stomach from the full repast
 Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
 Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil;
 And ye, whom no luxuriancy of growth
 Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
 But from the recent meal no labours please, 350
 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
 Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
 Of strong and subtle toil, and great event:
 A work of time; and you may rue the day
 You hurried, with ill-season'd exercise, 355
 A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
 The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm,
 Much toil demands: The lean elastic less.

While

PRESERVING HEALTH. 55

While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard: By those you 'scape 360
The slow diseases of the torpid year;

Endless to name; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure: Oh! from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel! 365

But from the burning Lion when the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the skin

Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade 370
Reclin'd, or sauntering in the lofty grove,
No needless slight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.

Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
To shady walks and active rural sports 375

Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace

Of humid skies; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,

While the soft evening saddens into night: 380

Tho' the sweet Poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd 386

A

A pleasing lassitude: He not in vain
 Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
 His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
 In soft repose: On him the balmy dews 390
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
 In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
 Visit the paradise of happy Dreams,
 And waken chearful as the lively morn; 395
 Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full:
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd,
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils 400
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil
 Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
 The busy dæmons hurl; or in the main
 O'erwhelm; or bury struggling under ground. 405
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
 Of wild Orestes: whose delirious brain, 409
 Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought:
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul;
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
 For ever torn; and chaos floating round.
 What dreams presage, what danger these or those
 Portend

PRESERVING HEALTH. 57

Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers 415
 Reveal'd of old and men of deathless fame,
 We would not to the superstitious mind
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
 To banish omens and all restless woes. 420

In study some protract the silent hours,
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
 But surely this redeems not from the shades
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail 425
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
 Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
 Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose, 430
 Defies the early fogs: But, by the toils
 Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies 435
 Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
 The delicate Narcissus pines away
 In hectic langour; and a slow disease
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd 440
 To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
 To

To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
 O shame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille,
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind 445
 Sleep fast and deep: Their active functions soon
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply;
 And soon the tonic irritable nerves
 Feel the fresh impulse and awake the soul.
 The sons of indolence, with long repose, 450
 Grow torpid; and with slowest Lethe drunk,
 Feebly and lingeringly return to life,
 Blunt every sense and powerless every limb.
 Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
 On the hard matras or elastic couch 455
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth;
 Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
 And springy nerves, the blandishment of down:
 Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams. 460

He without riot, in the balmy feast
 Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd,
 Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
 But pliant nature more or less demands,
 As custom forms her; and all sudden change 465
 She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
 If faults in life, or new emergencies,
 From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
 Slow

PRESERVING HEALTH. 59

Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
 Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves, 470
 Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
 Her seasons change! Behold! by slow degrees,
 Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;
 The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer grows; 475
 Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;
 And aged Autumn brews the winter storm.
 Slow as they come, these changes come not void
 Of mortal shocks: The cold and torrid reigns,
 The two great periods of th' important year, 480
 Ate in their first approaches seldom safe:
 Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
 And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
 He well advis'd, who taught our wiser fires
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils, 485
 Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
 And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
 Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
 For while the effluence of the skin maintains
 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring 490
 Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death
 With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
 The omens of the year: What seasons teem
 With

With what diseases; what the humid South 495
 Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the East :
 But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
 Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
 Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky, 500
 And taught already how to each extrem
 To bend your life. But should the public bane
 Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
 Or flaw of nature, hint mortality :
 Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides 505
 Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs ;
 When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
 A sickly load, a weary pain the loins ;
 Be Celsus call'd. The Fates come rushing on ;
 The rapid Fates admit of no delay ; 510
 While wilful you, and fatally secure,
 Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
 The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
 And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
 O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care, 515
 Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah ! in what perils is vain life engag'd !
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
 The hardiest frame ! of indolence, of toil,
 We die ; of want, of superfluity : 520
 The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,

It

PRESERVING HEALTH. 61

Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
 Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony
 Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
 Th' imprisoned plagues; a secret venom oft 525
 Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
 What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
 How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
 Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
 Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies, 530
 Albion the poison of the Gods has drank,
 And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
 Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;
 While, for which tyrant England should receive
 Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd, 536
 And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk
 With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd;
 Another plague of more gigantic arm
 Arose, a monster never known before, 540
 Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
 This rapid Fury not, like other pests,
 Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day
 Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,
 And strew'd with sudden carcases the land. 545

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part,
 Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.

G

With

With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
 Shot to the heart, and kindled all within :
 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
 Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood 551
 Gush'd out in sinoky sweats ; but nought assuag'd
 The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
 The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain, 555
 They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
 Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.
 The restless arteries with rapid blood
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings
 heav'd. 560

At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,
 A wild delirium came ; their weeping friends
 Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs
 Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown ; a ponderous sleep
 Wrapt all the senses up : They slept and died. 566

In some a gentle horror crept at first
 O'er all the limbs ; the fluices of the skin
 Witheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
 The sweats o'erflowed ; but in a clammy tide : 570
 Now free and copious, now restrain'd and flow ;
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature
 Had mix'd the blood ; and rank with fetid steams :
 As

As if the pent-up humours by delay
 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
 Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd) 576
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats
 To drive the venom out. And here the fates
 Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
 For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race 580
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd :
 Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd ;
 Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive ;
 Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow ; 585
 And whom the second spar'd, a third destroy'd.
 Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
 Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms :
 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around, 590
 Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
 Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
 Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind ;
 In vain : Where'er they fled, the Fates pursu'd.
 Others with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
 To seek protection in far-distant skies ; 596
 But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
 Was then at enmity with English blood.
 For, but the race of England, all were safe

In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste 600
 The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
 Where shou'd they fly ? The circumambient heaven
 Involv'd them still ; and every breeze was bane.
 Where find relief ? The salutary art
 Was mute ; and, startled at the new disease, 605
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
 To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their
 pray'rs ;
 Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd ;
 Fatigu'd with vain resources ; and subdu'd
 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear ; 610
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
 Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
 Infectious horror ran from face to face,
 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then 615
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
 In heaps they fell : And oft one bed, they say,
 The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the fates depend
 Of tottering Albion ! ye eternal fires 620
 That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year ! ye
 Powers

That o'er th' incircling elements preside !
 May nothing worse than what this age has seen
 Arrive ! Enough abroad, enough at home

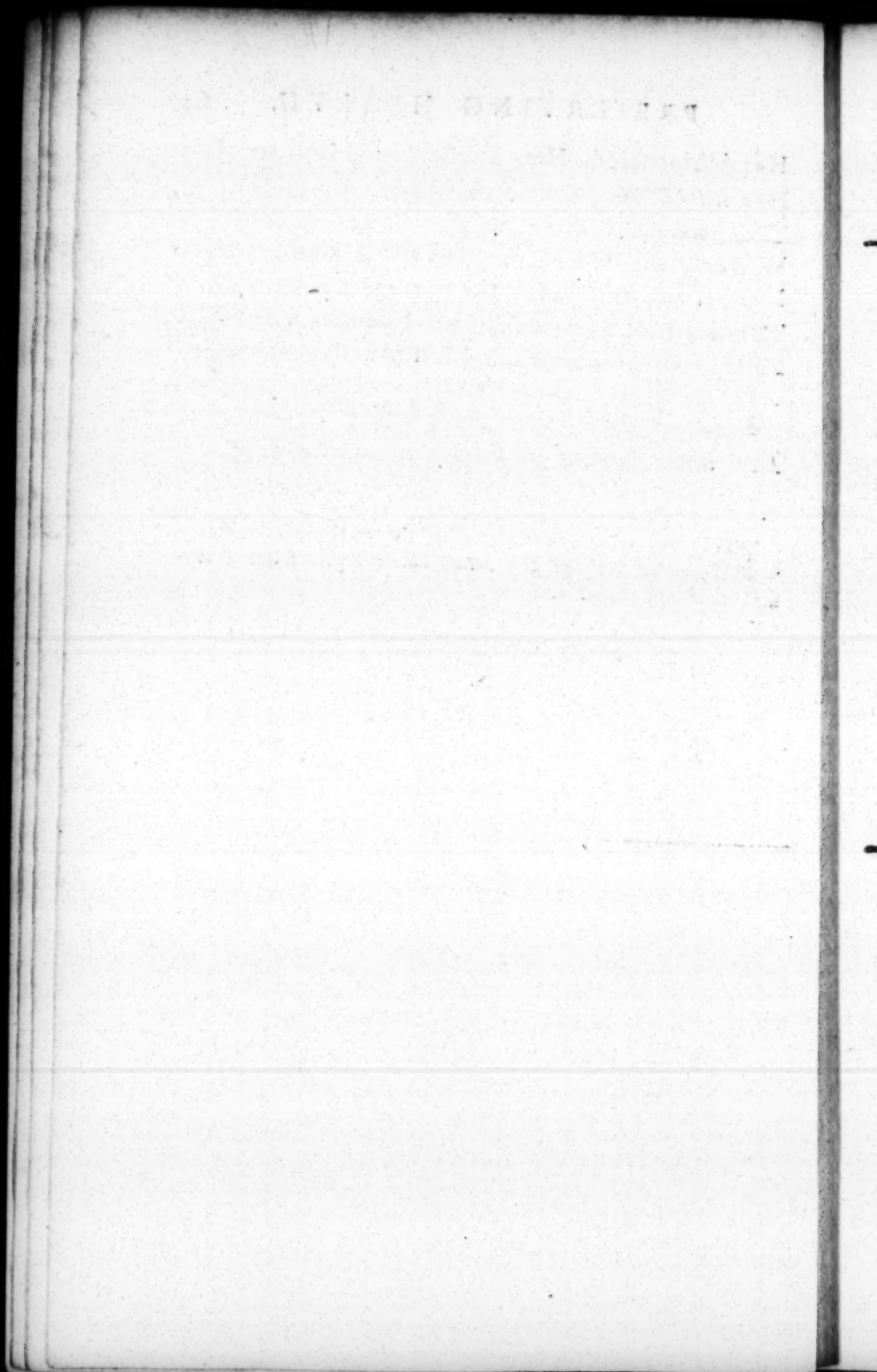
Has

PRESERVING HEALTH. 65

Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven 625
Has thin'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
While in the * West, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
The death of cowards and of common men: 630
Sunk, void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
And other themes invite my wandering song.

* This was written not long after the memorable mortality
which happened amongst the British sailors under Admiral Ho-
fier, in the West-Indies.



THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.
BOOK IV.
THE PASSIONS.

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THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.
BOOK IV.
THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,
The use of toil and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds:
And how the subtle Principle within 5
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
The passive Body. Ye poetic Shades,
That know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist

Affest my song! For, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways. 10

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods. 15
Mean while this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power 20
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode 25
The solid fabric: for by subtle parts,
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes,
The natural, vital, functions are perform'd. 30
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild; and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But

PRESERVING HEALTH. 71

But 'tis not thought (for still the soul's employ'd)
 'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay. 36
 All day the vacant eye without fatigue
 Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
 On microscopic arts its vigour fails.
 Just so the mind, with various thoughts amus'd,
 Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain. 41
 But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,
 Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
 And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,
 Engross the subtle ministers of life, 45
 And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
 Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;
 The Lover's paleness; and the fallow hue
 Of Envy, Jealousy; the meagre stare
 Of sore revenge: the canker'd body hence 50
 Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant, who both night and day
 Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
 And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd,
 Or sinks in lethargy before his time. 56
 With useful studies you, and arts that please
 Employ your mind, amuse but not fatigue.
 Peace to each drowsy Metaphysic sage!
 And ever may all heavy systems rest! 60
 Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,
 Whom

Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
 Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
 And gives to relish what their generous taste
 Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame, 65
 Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
 With constant drudgery the liberal soul.
 Toy with your books; and, as the various fits
 Of humour seize you, from Philosophy
 To Fable shift; from serious Antonine 70
 To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
 And read aloud, resounding Homer's strain,
 And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
 The chest so exercis'd improves its strength; 75
 And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
 The restless blood, which in unactive days
 Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.
 Deem it not trifling while I recommend
 What posture suits: To stand and sit by turns. 80
 As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
 To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
 And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit 85
 Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers:
 Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose

It

PRESERVING HEALTH. 73

It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
 Than what the Body knows embitter life.
 Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care, 90
 To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.
 There Madness enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,
 Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
 Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
 A mournful visionary light o'erspreads 95
 The chearful face of Nature: Earth becomes
 A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above,
 Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:
 Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
 Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teems 100
 Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
 A load of huge imagination heaves;
 And all the horrors that the guilty feel
 With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes, 105
 Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
 From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
 Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
 It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
 For while yourself you anxiously explore, 110
 Timorous Self-love, with sickning Fancy's aid,
 Presents the danger that you dread the most,
 And ever galls you in your tender part.
 Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,

H

For

For grim religion some, and some for pride, 115
 Have lost their reason : Some for fear of want
 Want all their lives ; and others every day
 For fear of dying suffer worse than death.
 Ah ! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
 Those fatal guests : And first the Demon Fear,
 That trembles at impossible events, 121
 Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
 And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
 Is there an evil worse than Fear itself ?
 And what avails it, that indulgent heaven 125
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
 Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?
 Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares,
 Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's womb,
 Appal the surest hour that life bestows. 131
 Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
 For what may come ; and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oft from the Body, by long ails mistun'd,
 These evils, sprung the most important health, 135
 That of the Mind, destroy : And when the mind
 They first invade, the conscious body soon
 In sympathetic languishment declines.
 These chronic Passions, while from real woes
 They rise, and yet without the body's fault 140
 Infest the soul, admit one only cure ;

Diversion

115 Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wife;
In vain your friends would reason down your pain.
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd 145
To soft distress, or friends untimely slain!
Court not the luxury of tender thought;
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves, 150
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the chearful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling croud;
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes 156
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines.
Or more advent'rous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul: 161
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares:

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain, 165
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion drink.

Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air; Elysium opens round. 170

A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:

The happiest you of all that e'er were mad, 175
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last;

But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head: And, as the thund'ring stream
Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook; 180

So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.

For prodigal of life in one rash night
You lavish more than might support three days.

A heavy morning comes; your cares return 186
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well

May be endur'd; so may the throbbing head;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,

Involves you; such a dastardly despair 190

Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.

You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the wretch,
The felon, with unnatural mixture first 195

Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.

Or

PRESERVING HEALTH. 77

Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour
 A thousand curses; for to heaven it rapt
 Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
 Perhaps you rue e'en that divinest gift 200
 The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
 Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
 And wish that heaven from mortals had with-held
 The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect 205
 What follies in your loose unguarded hour
 Escap'd. For one irrecoverable word,
 Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
 Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
 Performs a deed that haunts you to your grave. 210
 Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;
 Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd
 They hardly know you; or if one remains
 To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
 Despis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left
 A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name; 216
 A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
 Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
 All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains, 220
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;

The Precepts here of a divine old man
 I cou'd recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
 His manly sense, and energy of mind. 225
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
 He still remembered that he once was young;
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
 Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on, 230
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
 Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
 He pitied Man: And much he pitied those 235
 Whom falsely-smiling Fate had curs'd with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
 Our aim is Happiness; 'tis your's, 'tis mine,
 He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd. 240
 But they the widest wander from the mark,
 Who thro' the flow'ry paths of sauntering Joy
 Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
 For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings 245
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
 Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds,
 Should ever roam; and were the Fates more kind,
 Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale. 249
 Were

PRESERVING HEALTH. 79

Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain
Rather than teize her sated appetites. 255

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest; and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest. 260
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.

Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one; and, trust me, still 265
A faithless Heart betrays the Head unsound.

Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
Is Sense and Spirit, with Humanity:
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just. 270
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
Knaves fain would laugh at it: some great one's
dare;

But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days; 275
The peace and shelter of adversity.

And

And if you pant for glory, build your fame
 On this foundation, which the secret shock
 Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
 The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes 280
 The vulgar eye : the suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
 By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
 Is the best gift of heaven : a happiness 285
 That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
 Exalts great nature's favourites : a wealth
 That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
 Can be transferr'd : it is the only good
 Man justly boasts of, or can call his own. 290
 Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;
 Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
 Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
 But for one end, one much-neglected use,
 Are riches worth your care : (for Nature's wants
 Are few, and without opulence supply'd.) 296
 This noble end is, to produce the Soul ;
 To shew the virtues in the fairest light ;
 To make Humanity the Minister
 Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast
 That generous luxury the Gods enjoy. 301

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
 Some-

Sometimes declaimed. Of Right or Wrong he
taught

Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as Reason can controul 307
The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
What Passions hurt the body, what improve : 310
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope ; the balm and life-blood of the soul. 315
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on ;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare, 320
Is Hope ; the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to Life : perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul ;
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn Clown,
The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Usurer, 326
(If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)
May

May safely mellow into love ; and grow
 Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
 Love in such bosoms never to a fault 330
 Or pains or pleasures. But ye finer Souls,
 Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
 With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
 That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve
 Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose, 335
 Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.
 For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
 Ferments and maddens ; sick with jealousy,
 Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
 The wholesome appetites and powers of life 340
 Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths
 The genial board : Your chearful days are gone ;
 The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.
 To sighs devoted and to tender pains,
 Pensive you sit, or solitary stray, 345
 And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
 Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart :
 It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
 And that fomented into serious love ;
 Which musing daily strengthens and improves 350
 Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance :
 And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
 If once you doubt, whether you love or no.
 The body wastes away ; th' infected mind,
 Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets 355
 Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.

Sweet

PRESERVING HEALTH. 83

Sweet heaven from such intoxicating charms
 Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem
 Love always dangerous, always to be shun'd.
 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk 360
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
 Adds bloom to Health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
 A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
 And brightens all the ornaments of man.
 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd 365
 With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
 Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
 Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.
 And some have died for Love; and some run mad;
 And some with desperate hand themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent, 370
 A mad devotion to a dangerous Fair,
 Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
 The cares of Love amongst an hundred Brides.
 Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find 375
 A cure in this; there are who find it not.
 'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
 The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
 For while from feverish and tumultuous joys
 The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides, 380
 The tender Fancy smarts with every sting,
 And what was Love before is Madness now.
 Is health your care, or luxury your aim,

Be

84 THE ART OF

Be temperate still ; when Nature bids, obey ;
 Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb : 385
 But when the prurient habit of delight,
 Or loose Imagination, spurs you on
 To deeds above your strength, impute it not
 To Nature : Nature all compulsion hates.
 Ah ! let nor luxury nor vain renown 390
 Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;
 To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
 A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms
 Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
 For from the colliquation of soft joys 395
 How chang'd you rise ; the ghost of what you were !
 Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan ;
 Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
 Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
 Grows vapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves
 (To each slight impulse tremblingly awake) 401
 A subtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues
 Rapid and restless springs from part to part.
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen ;
 Your vigour pines ; your vital powers decay ; 405
 Diseases haunt you ; and untimely Age
 Creeps on ; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
 Infatuate, impious, epicure ! to waste
 The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health !
 Infatuate all who make delight their trade, 410
 And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who

Who pines with Love, or in lascivious flames
Consumes, is with his own consent undone :
He chuses to be wretched, to be mad ;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate. 413
But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruins proud Philosophy.
For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare
Fierce as the Tiger, madder than the seas, 421
Desperate, and arm'd with more than human
strength.

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !
Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief, 426
Slowly descends, and lingering, to the shades.
But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell. 430
For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd stings
Reverberates each vibration of the Soul ;
As is the Passion, such is still the Pain
The Body feels ; or chronic, or acute,
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers 435
The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear,
And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.

L

There

There are, mean time, to whom the boist'rous fit
 Is Health, and only fills the sails of life. 440
 For where the Mind a torpid winter leads,
 Wrapt in a Body corpulent and cold,
 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
 A generous folly spurns th' incumbent load,
 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow. 445
 But if your wrathful blood be apt to boil,
 Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
 Wave all dispute; be cautious, if you joke;
 Keep Lent for ever; and forswear the Bowl,
 For one rash moment sends you to the shades, 450
 Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
 And gives to horror all your days to come.
 Fate arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
 And makes the happy wretched in an hour, 455
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
 As your own Wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While Choler works, good Friend, you may be
 wrong;
 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
 'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave; 460
 If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
 But calm advice against a raging fit
 Avails too little; and it tries the power
 Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,
 To tame the Fiend that sleeps a gentle Lamb, 465
 And

And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
 You reason well, see as you ought to see,
 And wonder at the madness of mankind:
 Seiz'd with the common rage; you soon forget
 The speculation of your wiser hours. 470
 Beset with Furies of all deadly shapes,
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow:
 With all that urge or lure us on to Fate:
 What refuge shall we seek? what arms prepare?
 Where Reason proves too weak, or void of wiles
 To cope with subtle or impetuous powers, 476
 I would invoke new Passions to your aid:
 With Indignation would extinguish Fear,
 With Fear or generous Pity vanquish Rage,
 And Love with Pride; and force to force oppose.

There is a Charm, a Power, that sways the breast;
 Bids every Passion revel or be still; 482
 Inspires with Rage, or all your Cares dissolves;
 Can soothe Distraction, and almost Despair.
 That power is Music: Far beyond the stretch 485
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage:
 Those clumsy Heroes, those fat-headed Gods,
 Who move no Passion justly but Contempt:
 Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)
 Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace. 490
 The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts;
 Good Heav'n! we praise them: we, with loudest
 peals,
 Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels;

And, with insipid show of rapture, die
 Of ideot notes impertinently long. 495
 But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
 A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire ;
 Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;
 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain, 500
 In Love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains
 Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;
 Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;
 Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
 Such was the Bard, whose heavenly strains of old
 Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul. 506
 Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
 The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
 And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
 And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,
 Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
 Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell, 512
 And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
 Music exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,
 Expels Diseases, softens every Pain,
 Subdues the rage of Poison, and the Plague ;
 And hence the wise of antient days ador'd
 One Power of Physic, Melody and Song. 518

THE END.



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MARRIAGE,

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*Hoc fonte derivata Clades
In Patriam Populumque fluxit.* HOR.



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MARRIAGE,

A N

O D E.

I.

RANG'D by all-ruling Heaven's Design
Low sinks this Ball, a mass supine;
The stars high-blazing roll:
Nor lives a wretch of frantic brain,
Who dares with impious rage maintain,
That Chance directs the whole.

II.

Yet nations wide adopt this plan:
Chance classes all degrees of MAN,
Unknown in Nature's State;
And the mere accident of birth
Marks who shall rule or till the earth,
Th' ignoble, or the great.

While

III.

While such the consecrated Springs,
 Whence proudly issue Lords and Kings,
 Why sleeps the Parent's Care?
 Anxious to match the gen'rous steed,
 Where Strength and Beauty stamp the Breed,
 Regardless of his Heir.

IV.

But, to no favour'd Race confined,
 The virtues of our nobler Kind
 All Ranks alike may claim;
 Issue as fair, and brave, and wise,
 As the high Lineage of the Skies,
 May bless an humble Dame.

V.

The charm that softens manly Grace,
 The Ray that beams in Woman's face,
 The Sympathy of Mind,
 Denote (whate'er their various lot,
 Whether a Palace or a Cot)
 The mates by Heaven design'd.

VI.

But peevish Age, and gloomy Pride,
 And churlish Av'rice dare divide
 Those links, which powerful draw,
 To Union dear, congenial Loves:
 The Sire condemns what God approves,
 And Tyranny is Law.

The



VII.

Far other maxims form'd our State :
 All Orders mixt of Low and Great
 Compose th' harmonious frame.
 Firm hath the mighty Fabrick stood,
 And Britain boasts her mingl'd blood,
 In many a deathless name.

VIII.

Free shou'd the sons of Freedom wed
 The maid by equal fondness led,
 Nor, heaping wealth on wealth,
 Youth pine in Age's wither'd Arms,
 Deformity polluting Charms,
 And Sickness blasting Health.

IX.

But House for House, and Grounds for Grounds,
 And mutual Bliss in balanc'd Pounds
 Each Parent's thought employ :
 These summ'd by Wingate's solid Rules,
 Let fools, and all the Sons of fools
 Count less substantial Joy !

X.

And yet no niggard care confines
 The child indulg'd ——— Lo ! India's mines
 Flame in the Daughter's dress :
 As gorgeous shines the lavish Son ;
 No luxury refus'd but one ———
 Domestic Happiness,

The

XI.

The Victim comes in rich attire,
 Dragg'd trembling by her ruthless Sire.
 Thy Child, O Monster, save !
 Better the sacrificing Knife,
 Plung'd in her bosom, end that life
 Thy fatal Passion gave.

XII.

With Torch inverted Hymen stands,
 The Furies wave their livid Brands,
 Wild Horror, pale Dismay :
 Soft Pity drops the melting Tear ;
 And lustful Satyrs grinning leer,
 Sure of their destin'd Prey.

XIII.

Compell'd the falt'ring Priest flow-ties
 The knot of plighted perjuries,
 For spotless truth ordain'd :
 More fitly had some Dæmon fell,
 Some Minister of Sin and Hell,
 The Sacred Rites profan'd.

XIV.

Go, wedded Pair ! all blithe and gay
 Young Virgins strew the flow'ry way,
 And crown your festal Gate ;
 Invok'd the Genial Powers attend :
 So shall a hapless Line descend,
 Heir to your wretched Fate.

Unheir'd

XV.

Unheir'd, a mass of barren earth,
 No monster of amphibious birth
 Transmits a future race.

Shall then an Angel's Form, conjoin'd
 With all that sinks the brutal Kind,
 Perpetuate Man's Disgrace?

XVI.

Yet Nature will assert her claim :
 Thine, rigid Father! thine the blame,
 If injur'd Beauty stray :
 Thou shou'dst have heard the Lover's voice,
 Approv'd and sanctify'd the choice,
 Nor curs'd the Bridal day.

XVII.

Welcom'd by Thee chaste Love had shed
 His blessings o'er that dismal Bed,
 Now wrapt in guilt and fear :
 The lisping Babe had bless'd thy Age,
 Now taught, with more than infant-Rage,
 To chide thy loit'ring Bier.

XVIII.

Hence all those baleful evils flow,
 Which swell the Tide of human woe,
 And blot th' Almighty's Plan ;
 Taint ev'ry source of pure Delight,
 Break ev'ry Band that shou'd unite
 The Soul of man to man.

Blank

XIX.

Blank Bastardy with blazon'd Crest,
 And Harlots in patrician Vest,
 Triumphant Vice proclaim :
 The High-born Virgin, mimic, tries
 Those Arts which taught the low to rise
 From Poverty thro' shame.

XX.

Behold a various motly Race !
 Th' unwelcome Son, with alien Face,
 His Mother's crime betrays :
 No kindred Love's instinctive fire,
 No social Charities conspire
 To light the Patriot's Blaze.

XXI.

Hence sage Authority despis'd
 And savage Licence, ill disguis'd
 In Freedom's injur'd name ;
 Bold Orat'ry with brazen Din,
 While skulking Selfishness within
 Directs Ambition's Aim.

XXII.

In Barter vile each Parent sold,
 The fordid Progeny of Gold
 Will own no other sway :
 To wealth the Virgin yields her Charms ;
 For pay the Soldier flies to arms,
 P——s v—e and P——s pray.

Not

XXIII.

Not such those Lights (which pierc'd the gloom
Thick cast o'er Earth by barb'rous Rome)

Pure as the Faith they own'd.

Nor such th' unpension'd Noble's zeal :

In bosoms warm for publick weal,

Their country sat enthron'd.

XXIV.

The Statesman plann'd, the Hero fought,

Their service like their love unbought :

Yet both were well repaid :

Their Country's Glory, then, was wealth ;

Youth, Beauty, Innocence and Health

Endow'd the wedded Maid.

XXV.

No hireling Friends did Britain drain,

No base Contractors* pilfering Train

Aveng'd the vanquish'd Foe ;

While the Land groans beneath her debt,

And hard-tax'd Peasants murm'ring sweat,

In Victory and Woe.

K

Yet

* This is not meant to include all Contractors: Some have acquired great Fortunes by fair and honourable means, uncensur'd and even unenvy'd.

XXVI.

Yet blest the Hind whose shelter'd Head,
Secure beneath his lowly shed,

Forgets the slow-worn day :
His darling Child and faithful Wife,
Best comforts of the happiest Life,
His Sufferings all repay

XXVII.

But see ! th' unpeopl'd village falls :
Drear Devastation, rais'd the walls.

Say, if some Tyrant reigns !
Or dar'd the bold Invader's Hand,
In vengeance, hurl the flaming Brand
O'er Britain's ravag'd Plains ?

XXVIII.

Our Coast no bold Invader dares ;
And GEORGE benign, with lib'ral Cares
Each cherish'd Art improves.
Yet Britain views a houseless Band ;
Sad Out-Cast in his native Land,
The wand'ring Exile roves.

XXIX.

Shall Luxury, diffusive-Spread,
Envy the wretch his Pain-earn'd Bread,
His Cot and homely Joys ?
Are those the means that must replace
The strength of an exhausted Race,
Decrepit Sires and Boys !

Tho'

XXX.

Tho' borne on Glory's tow'ring wings,
Fame her triumphant Pæan sings
Far as the Billows foam :
Yet dearly were our Triumphs bought ;
And hardly paid the Victors fought,
Whom Misery waits at home.

XXXI.

But, lo, the Nations from afar
Crowd to repair the waste of War,
With Numbers, Skill and Toil !
Myriads, alas ! wou'd crowd in vain,
Whilst Laws the Marriage-Rite restrain,
And Lordlings thin the Soil.

T H E E N D.

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BENEVOLENCE:

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BENEVOLENCE:

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EPISTLE to EUMENES.

KIND to my Frailties still, EUMENES, hear;
Once more I try the Patience of your Ear.
Not oft I sing; the happier for the Town,
So stun'd already they're quite stupid grown }
With monthly, daily — charming things I own. }
Happy for them, I seldom court the Nine;
Another Art, a serious Art, is mine.
Of nauseous Verses offer'd once a Week,
You cannot say I did it, if you're sick.
'Twas ne'er my Pride to shine by flashy Fits
Amongst the *Daily Advertiser* Wits.

Content

Content if some few Friends indulge my name,
 So slightly am I stung with Love of Fame,
 I would not scrawl one hundred idle Lines——
 Not for the praise of all the *Magazines*.

Yet once a Moon, perhaps, I steal a Night ;
 And, if our Sire APOLLO pleases, write.
 You smile ; but all the Train the Muse that follow,
 Christians and Dunces, still we quote APOLLO.
 Unhappy still our Poets will rehearse
 To *Goths*, that stare astonish'd at their Verse ;
 To the rank Tribes submit their Virgin Lays :
 So gross, so bestial, is the Lust of Praise :

I to found Judges from the Mob appeal,
 And write to those who most my Subject feel.
 EUMENES, these dry moral Lines I trust
 With you, whom nought that's moral can disgust.
 With you I venture, in plain home-spun Sense,
 What I imagine of BENEVOLENCE.

Of all the Monsters of the human Kind,
 What strikes you most is the low selfish Mind.
 You wonder how, without one liberal Joy,
 The steady Miser can his Years employ ;
 Without one Friend ; howe'er his Fortunes thrive,
 Despis'd and hated, how he bears to live.
 With honest Warmth of Heart, with some degree
 Of Pity that such wretched things should be,

You

Y ou scorn the fordid Knave—He grins at you,
And deems himself the wiser of the two. —
'Tis all but Taste, howe'er we sift the Case;
He has his Joy, as every Creature has.
'Tis true he cannot boast an Angel's Share,
Yet has what Happiness his Organs bear.
Thou likewise mad'st the high seraphick Soul,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the Owl.
Heav'n form'd *him* too, and doubtless for some Use;
But *Crane-Court* knows not yet all Nature's Views.

'Tis chiefly Taste, or blunt, or gross, or fine,
Makes Life insipid, bestial, or divine.
Better be born with Taste to little Rent,
Than the dull Monarch of a Continent.
Without this Bounty which the Gods bestow,
Can Fortune make one Favourite happy?—No.
As well might Fortune in her frolick Vein,
Proclaim au Oyster Sovereign of the Main.
Without fine Nerves, and bosom justly warm'd,
An Eye, an Ear, a Fancy, to be charm'd,
In vain majestick WREN expands the Dome;
Blank as pale Stucco RUBENS lines the Room;
Lost are the Raptures of bold HANDEL's Strain;
Great TULLY storms, sweet VIRGIL sings, in vain.
The beauteous Forms of Nature are effac'd;
TEMPE's soft Charms, the raging watry Waste.
Each greatly-wild, each sweet romantick Scene
Unheeded rises, and almost unseen.

Yet

Yet these are Joys, with some of better Clay,
 To sooth the Toils of Life's embarras'd Way.
 These the fine Frame with charming horrors chill,
 And give the Nerves delightfully to thrill.
 But of all Taste the noblest and the best,
 The first Enjoyment of the generous Breast,
 Is to behold in Man's obnoxious State
 Scenes of Content, and happy Turns of Fate.
 Fair Views of Nature, shining Works of Art,
 Amuse the Fancy : But *those* touch the Heart.
 Chiefly for this proud Epick Song delights,
 For this some riot on th' *Arabian Nights*.
 Each Case is ours; and for the human Mind
 'Tis monstrous not to feel for all Mankind.
 Were all Mankind unhappy, who could taste
Elysium ? or be solitarily blest ?
 Shock'd with surrounding Shapes of human Woe,
 All that, or Sense, or Fancy could bestow,
 You would reject with sick and coy Disdain,
 And pant to see one chearful Face again.

But if Life's better Prospects to behold
 So much delight the Man of generous Mould ;
 How happy they, the great, the godlike Few,
 Who daily cultivate this pleasing View !
 This is a Joy possess'd by few indeed !
 Dame *Fortune* has so many Fools to feed,

She

She cannot oft afford, with all her Store,
To yield her Smiles where *Nature* smil'd before.
To fling Worth a cordial Hand to lend;
With better Fortune to surprise a Friend;
To cheer the modest Stranger's lonely State;
Or snatch an Orphan Family from Fate;
To do, possess'd with Virtue's noblest Fire,
Such generous Deeds as we with Tears admire;
Deeds that, above Ambition's vulgar Aim,
Secure an amiable, a solid Fame:
These are such Joys as Heaven's first Favourites
seize;
These please *you* now, and will for ever please.

Too seldom we great moral Deeds admire;
The Will, the Power, th' Occasion must conspire.
Yet few there are so impotent and low,
But can some small good Offices bestow.
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add still something to the gen'ral Sum:
And him, who gives the little in his Power,
The World acquits; and Heaven demands no more

Unhappy he! who feels each Neighbour's Woe.
Yet no Relief, no Comfort can bestow.
Unhappy too, who feels each kind Essay,
And for great Favours has but Words to pay;
Who, scornful of the Flatterer's fawning Art,
Dreads even to pour his Gratitude of Heart;

And

And with a distant Lover's silent Pain
Must the best Movements of his Soul restrain,
But Men sagacious to explore Mankind
Trace even the coyest Passions of the Mind.

Not only to the Good we owe Goodwill ;
In good and bad, Distress demands it still.
This with the Generous lays Distinction low,
Endears a Friend, and recommends a Foe.
Not that Resentment never ought to rise ;
For even Excess of Virtue ranks with Vice :
And there are Villainies no Bench can awe,
That sport without the Limits of the Law.
No Laws th' ungenerous Crime would reprehend
Could I forget EUMENES was my Friend :
In vain the Gibbet or the Pillory claim
The Wretch who blasts a helpless Virgin's Fame.
Where laws are dup'd, 'tis nor unjust nor mean
To seize the proper Time for honest Spleen.
An open candid Foe I could not hate,
Nor even insult the base in humbled State ;
But thriving Malice tamely to forgive—
'Tis somewhat late to be so primitive.

But I detain you with these tedious Lays,
Which few perhaps would read, and fewer praise.
No Matter: Could I please the polish'd few
Who taste the serious or the gay, like you,

The

The squeamish Mob may find my Verses bare
Of every Grace—but curse me if I care.
Besides, I little court Parnassian Fame;
There's yet a better than a Poet's Name.
'Twould more indulge my Pride to hear it said,
That I with you the Paths of Honour tread,
Than that amongst the proud poetick Train,
No Modern boasted a more classick Vein,
Or that in Numbers I let loose my Song,
Smooth as the THAMES, and as the SEVERN strong.

THE END.

L

I

P

T A S T E:
A N
E P I S T L E
T O A
Y O U N G C R I T I C.

*Proferre quæ sentiat cur quisquam liber dubitet? —
Malim, mehercule, solus insanire, quam sobrius aut
plebis aut patrum delirationibus ignaviter assentari, &c.*

T A S T E:
A N
E P I S T L E
T O A
Y O U N G C R I T I C !

RANGE from *Tower-hill* all London to the
Fleet,
Thence round the Temple, t'utmost Grosvenor-
street :

Take in your Route both Gray's and Lincoln's Inn ;
Mifs not, be fure, my LORDS and GENTLEMEN ;
You'll hardly raife, as I with * Petty guefs,
Above twelve thoufand Men of Taſte ; unlefs }
In deſperate Times a Connoiſſeur may paſs.

L 3

“ A CON-

* Sir William Petty, Author of the Political Arithmetic.

"A CONNOISSEUR! What's that?" 'Tis hard to say;

But you must oft amidst the Fair and Gay
Have seen a wou'd-be Rake, a fluttering Fool,
Who swears he loves the Sex with all his Soul.
Alas, vain Youth! dost thou admire sweet Jones?
Thou be gallant without or Blood or Bones!
You'd split to hear th' insipid Coxcomb cry
Ah charming Nanny! 'tis too much! I die! —
Die and be d-----n'd says one, but let me tell ye,
I'll pay the Loss if ever Rapture kill ye.

'Tis easy learn'd the Art to talk by rote:
At George's 'twill but cost you half a Groat;
The Bedford School at Three-pence is not dear,
Sir;

At White's — *the Stars instruct you for a Tester.*
But he, whom Nature never meant to share
One Spark of Taste will never catch it there: —
Nor no where else; howe'er the booby Beau
Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau.

Good native Taste, tho' rude, is seldom wrong,
Be it in Music, Painting, or in Song.
But this, as well as other Faculties,
Improves with Age and ripens by Degrees.
I know, my Dear, 'tis needless to deny 't,
You like Voiture, you think him wond'rous bright:
But seven Years hence, your Relish more matur'd,
What now delights will hardly be endur'd.

The

The Boy may live to taste Racine's fine Charms,
Whom Lee's bald Orb or Rowe's dry Rapture
warms :

But he, enfranchis'd from his Tutor's Care,
Who places Butler near Cervantes' Chair;
Or with Erasmus can admit to vie
Brown of Squab-Hall of merry Memory;
Will die a Goth; and nod at * Woden's Feast,
Th' eternal Winter long, on † Gregory's Breast.

Long may he swill, this Patriarch of the dull,
The drowsy Mum — But touch not Maro's Skull !
His holy barbarous Dotage fought to doom,
Good Heaven ! th' immortal Classics to the Tomb !
Those sacred Lights shall bid new Genius rise
When all Rome's Saint's have rotted from the
Skies.

Be these your Guides, if at the Ivy Crown
You aim ; each Country's Classics, and your own,
But chiefly with the Antients pass your prime,
And drink Castalia at the Fountain's Brim.
The Man to genuine Burgundy bred up
Soon starts the dash of Methuen in his Cup.

Those

* Allu'ing to the Gothic Heaven, Woden's Hall ; where the
Happy are for ever employed in drinking Beer, Mum, and
other comfortable Liquors out of the Skulls of those whom
they had slain in Battle.

† Pope Gregory the VIth, distinguished by the Name of
St. Gregory ; who in his pious Zeal for the Cause of barba-
rous Ignorance and priestly Tyranny, did what in him lay to
destroy all the Remains of Heathen Genius and Learning.

Those sovereign Masters of the Muses' Skill
 Are the true Patterns of good Writing still.
 Their Ore was rich and seven Times purg'd of
 Lead;

Their Art seem'd Nature, 'twas so finely hid.
 Tho' born with all the Powers of Writing well,
 What Pains it cost they did not blush to tell.
 Their ease (my LORDS!) ne'er lowng'd for want of
 Fire,

Nor did their Rage thro' Affectation tire.
 Free from all tawdry and imposing Glare
 They trusted to their native Grace of Air.
 Rapt'rous and wild the trembling Soul they
 seize,
 Or sly coy Beauties steal it by Degrees;
 The more you view them still the more they
 please.

Yet there are Thousands of scholastic Merit
 Who worm their Senses out, but ne'er taste their
 Spirit.

Witness each Pedant under Busby bred,
 Each Commentator that e'er commented.
 (You scarce can seize a Spot of Classic Ground,
 With Leagues of Dutch Morals so floated round.)
 Witness — but Sir I hold a cautious Pen,
 Lest I should *wrong* some *honourable Men*.
 They grow Enthusiasts too——'Tis true! 'tis pity!
 But 'tis not every Lunatic that's witty.

Some

Some have run *Maro* and some *Milton* mad,
 Ashley once turn'd a solid * Barber's Head :
 Hear all that's said or printed if you can,
 Ashley has turn'd more solid Heads than one.

LET such admire each great or specious Name ;
 For right or wrong the Joy to them's the same.
 " Right ! " Yes, a thousand Times — Each Fool has
 heard.

That Homer was a wonder of a Bard.
 Despise them civilly with all my Heart——
 But to convince them is a desperate Part.
 Why should you teize one, for what secret Cause
 One doats on Horace, or on Hudibras ?
 'Tis cruel, Sir, 'tis needless, to endeavour
 To teach a Sot of Taste he knows no flavour.
 To disunite I neither wish nor hope
 A stubborn Blockhead from his fav'rite Fop.
 Yes——Fop I say, were Maro's self before 'em,
 For Maro's self grows dull as they pore o'er him.

BUT hear their Raptures o'er some specious Rhime
 Dub'd by the musk'd and greasy Mob sublime.
 For Spleen's dear sake hear how a Coxcomb prates,
 As clam'rous o'er his Joys as fifty Cats ;

" *Musit*

* It seems this really happened in a Part of our Island, where
 the Characteristics are much studied.

"*Music has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,
To soften Rocks, and Oaks,*" and all the rest:
"I've heard"—Bless these long Ears! "—Heav'n's
what a Strain!

"Good God! what Thunders burst in this *Campaign*!

"Hark Waller warbles! Ah! how sweetly killing!

"Then that inimitable *splendid Shilling*!

"Rowe breathes all Shakespear here! That Ode
of Prior

"Is Spencer quite! egad his very fire!—

"As like"—Yes faith! as Gum-flowers to the Rose,
Or as to Claret flat Minorca's dose;

As like as (if I am not grossly wrong)

Earl Robert's *Mice* to aught e'er Chaucer sung.

READ boldly, and unprejudic'd peruse
Each fav'rite Modern, ev'n each ancient Muse.
With all the comic Salt and tragic Rage
The great stupendous genius of our Stage,
Boast of our Island, Pride of human-kind,
Had Faults to which the *Boxes* are not blind.
His frailties are to ev'ry Gossip known:
Yet Milton's Pedantries not shock the Town.
Ne'er be the Dupe of Names, however high;
For some outlive good Parts, some misapply.
Each elegant *Spectator* you admire;
But must you therefore swear by Cato's Fire?

Masques

Masques
Disgrace
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H

Masques for the Court and oft a clumsy Jest,
 Disgrac'd the Muse that wrought the Alchymist.
 "But to the Ancients." Faith! I am not clear,
 For all the smooth round Type of Elzevir,
 That ev'ry Work that lasts, in Prose or Song,
 Two thousand Years, deserves to last so long.
 For not to mention some eternal Blades
 Known only now in th' Academic Shades,
 (Those sacred Groves where raptur'd Spirits stray,
 And in word-hunting waste their live-long Day)
 Ancients whom none but curious Critics scan,
 Do read * Messala's Praises if you can.
 Ah! who but feels the sweet contagious Smart
 While soft Tibullus pours his tender Heart?
 With him the Loves and Muses melt in Tears:
 But not a Word of some Hexameters.
 "You grow so squeamish and so dev'lish dry
 "You'll call Lucretius vapid next." Not I.
 Some find him tedious, others think him lame;
 But if he lags, his Subject is to blame.
 Rough weary Roads thro' barren Wilds he tried,
 Yet still he marches with true Roman Pride:
 By fits a Meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright,
 He streams athwart the Philosophic Night.

Find

* A Poem of Tibullus's in hexameter Verse; as yawning and
 inspid as his Elegies are tender and natural.

Find you in Horace no insipid Odes?—
 He dar'd to tell us Homer sometimes nods;
 And but for such a Critic's hardy Skill
 Homer might slumber unsuspected still.

TASTELESS, implicit, indolent and tame,
 At second hand we chiefly praise or blame.
 Hence 'tis, for else one knows not why nor how,
 Some Authors flourish for a year or two:
 For many some, more wond'rous still to tell;
 Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of Hell.
 Of solid Merit others pine unknown;
 At first Monimia fail'd to melt the Town:
 Sunk in dead Night the Giant Milton lay
 'Till Sommer's Hand produc'd him to the Day.
 But, Thanks to Heav'n and Addison's good Grace
 Now ev'ry Fop is charm'd with Chevy Chase.

SPECIOUS and sage, the Sovereign of the Flock
 Led to the Downs, or from the wave-worn Rock
 Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit Train
 Or crop the Downs, or headlong seek the Main;
 As blindly we our solemn Leaders follow,
 And good, and bad, and execrable swallow.

JUDGE for yourself; nor wait with timid Phlegm
 'Till some illustrious Pedant hum or hem.

The

The Lords who starv'd old Ben were learn'dly fond
 Of Chaucer, whom with bungling Toil they conn'd.
 Their Sons, whose Ears bold Milton could not
 seize,

Would laugh o'er *Ben* like mad, and snuff and
 sneeze,

And swear, and seem as tickled as you please.

Their spawn, the Pride of this sublimer Age,

Feel to the Toes and Horns grave Milton's Rage.

Tho' liv'd he now, he might appeal with Scorn

To Lords, Knights, 'Squires and Doctors yet unborn;

Or justly mad to *MOLoch's* burning Fane

Devote the choicest Children of his Brain.

Judge for yourself; and as you find, report

Of Wit as freely as of Beef or Port.

Zounds! shall a pert or bluff important Wight,

Whose Brain is fanciless, whose Blood is white:

A mumbling Ape of Taste; prescribe us Laws

To try the Poets, for no better Cause

Than that he boasts *per Ann.* ten Thousand clear,

Yelps in the House, or barely fits a Peer;

For shame! for shame! the liberal British Soul

To stoop to any stale Dictator's Rule!

I may be wrong, and often am no doubt,

But right or wrong with Friends with Foes 'twill out.

Thus 'tis perhaps my Fault, if I complain,

Of trite Invention and a flimsy Vein,

M

Tame

Tame Characters, uninteresting, jejune,
 And Passions drily copied from * Le Brun.
 For I would rather never judge than wrong
 That Friend of all Men, generous Fenelon.
 But in the Name of Goodness, can I be
 The Dupe, of Charms I never yet could see?
 And then to flatter where there's no Reward—
 Better be any Patron-hunting Bard,
 Who half our Lords with filthy Praise besmears,
 And sing an Anthem to ALL MINISTERS:
 Taste th' Attic Salt in every Peer's poor Rebus,
 And crown each Gothic Idol for a Phœbus.

ALAS! so far from free, so far from brave
 We dare not shew the little Taste we have.

With

* First Painter to Lewis XIV. who, to speak in fashionable French-English, called himself "Lewis the Great." Our Sovereign Lords the Passions, Love, Rage, Despair, &c. were graciously pleased to sit to him in their Turns for their Portraits: which he was generous enough to communicate to the Public, to the great Improvement, no Doubt, of History-Painting. It was he who they say poisoned Le Sueur, who, without half his Advantages in many other Respects, was so unrea'sonable and provoking as to display a Genius with which his own could stand no Comparison. And it was he and his Gothic Disciples, who, with sly Scratches, defac'd the most masterly of this Le Sueur's Performances, as often as their barbarous Envy could snugly reach them. Yet after all these Atchievements, he died in his Bed! A Catastrophe which could not have happened to him in a Country like this, where the Fine Arts are as zealously and judiciously patronised, as they are well understood,

With us you'll see even Vanity controul
 The most refin'd Sensations of the Soul;
 Sad *Otway's* Scenes, great *Shakespear's* we defy,
 " Lard Madam ! 'tis so unpolite to cry !——
 " For shame, my Dear ! d'ye credit all this Stuff ?
 " I vow — well, this is innocent enough !"
 At *Athens*, long ago, the Ladies — (married)
 Dreamt not they misbehav'd, tho' they miscarried,
 When a wild Poet, with licentious Rage,
 Turn'd fifty Furies loose upon the Stage.

THEY were so tender, and so easy mov'd,
 Heav'ns ! how the *Grecian* Ladies must have lov'd !
 For all the fine Sensations still have dwelt,
 Perhaps, where one was exquisitely felt.
 Thus he who heavenly *Maro* truly feels
 Stands fix'd on *Raphael*, and at *Handel's* thrills.
 The grosser Senses too, the Taste, the Smell,
 Are likely truest where the fine prevail :
 Who doubts that *Horace* must have cater'd well ?
 Friend, I'm a shrew'd Observer, and will guess
 What Books you doat on from your Fav'rite Mefs.
 • *Brown* and *L'Estrange* will surely charm whom e'er
 The frothy Pertness strikes of weak Small-beer.
 Who steeps the Calves fat Loin in greasy Sauce
 Will hardly loath the Praise that bastes an Ass.

And who devours Scotcht Collops scorns not any
Insipid, fulsome, trashy Miscellany.

But I am sick of Pen and Ink, and you
Will find this Letter long enough. Adieu!

F I N I S.

A
DAY:
AN
EPISTLE.

TO
JOHN WILKES, of AYLESBURY, Esq;

A
D A Y:

A N
E P I S T L E.

ESCAP'D from *London* now four Moons, and
more,

I greet gay *Wilkes* from *Fulda's* wasted Shore,
Where, cloath'd with Woods, a hundred Hills
ascend,

Where Nature many a Paradise has plan'd :

A Land that, e'en amid contending Arms,

Late smil'd with Culture, and luxuriant Charms ;

But now the hostile Scythe has bar'd the Soil,

And her sad Peasants starve for all their Toil.

What

What News to-day ? — I ask you not what Rogue,
 What paltry Imp of Fortune's now in Vogue ;
 What forward blundering Fool was last preferr'd;
 By mere pretence distinguish'd from the Herd :
 With what new Cheat the gaping Town is smit ;
 What crazy scribler reigns the present Wit :
 What Stuff for Winter the two Booths have mixt :
 What bouncing Mimic grows a *Roscus* next ;
 Wave all such news : I've seen too much, my
 friend,
 To stare at any Wonders of that kind.

News, none have I : you know I never had ;
 I never long'd the Day's dull Lye to spread ;
 I left the Gossips that sweet Luxury,
 More in the Secrets of the Great than I,
 To Nurses, Midwives, all the slippery Train,
 That swallow all, and bring up all again ;
 Or did I e'er a brief Event relate,
 You found it soon at length in the Gazette.

Now for the Weather — This is *England* still
 For ought I find, as good, and quite as ill.
 Even now the pond'rous Rain perpetual falls,
 Drowns every Camp, and crouds our Hospitals,

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 Th

This soaking Deluge all unstrings my Frame,
 Dilutes my Sense, and suffocates my Flame—
 'Tis that which makes these present Lines so tame.
 The parching East Wind still pursues me too—
 Is there no Climate where this Fiend ne'er flew?
 By Heaven it flays *Japan*, perhaps *Peru*!
 It blasts all Earth with its envenom'd Breath,
 That scatters Discord, Rage, Diseases, Death.
 'Twas the first Plague that burst *Pandora's* Chest.
 And with a livid Smile sow'd all around the rest.

Heaven guard my Friend from every Plague that
 flies,
 Still grant him Health, whence all the Pleasures rise,
 But oft Diseases from slow Causes creep,
 And in this Doctrine as (thank Heaven) I'm deep.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Mean time excuse me, that I slyly snatch
 The only Theme in which I shine your Match.

You

You study early : Some indulge at Night,
 Their prudish Muse steals in by Candle-light,
 Shy as th' *Athenian* Bird, she shuns the Day,
 And finds *December* genial more than *May*.
 But happier you who court the early Sun,
 For Morning Visits no Debauch draw on :
 Nor so the Spirits, Health, or Sight impair,
 As those that pass in the raw Midnight Air.

The Task of Breakfast o'er ; that peevish, pale,
 That lownging, yawning, most ungenial Meal ;
 Rush out, before those Fools rush in to worry ye,
 Whose Business is to be idle in a hurry,
 Who kill your Time as frankly as their own,
 And feel no civil Hints e'er to be gone.
 These Flies all fairly flung, whene'er the House,
 Your Country's Business, or your Friends, allows,
 Rush out, enjoy the Fields and the fresh Air,
 Ride, walk, or drive, the Weather foul or fair.
 Yet in the torrid Months I would reverse
 This Method, leave behind both Prose and Verse ;
 With the grey dawn the Hills and forest roam,
 And wait the sultry Noon embower'd at Home,
 While every rural Sound improves the Breeze,
 The railing Stream, the busy Rooks, and Murmur
 of the Bees.

You'll

You'll hardly chuse these chearful Jaunts alone—
 Except when some deep Schemes are carrying on.
 With you at *Chelsea* oft may I behold
 The hopeful Bud of Sense her Bloom unfold,
 With you I'd walk to * * * * *
 To rich, insipid, Hackney, if you will;
 With you no Matter where, while we're together,
 I scorn no Spot on Earth, and curse no Weather.

When Dinner comes, amid the various Feast,
 That crowns your genial Board, where every Guest,
 Or grave, or gay, is happy, and at Home,
 And none e'er sigh'd for the Mind's Elbow-room:
 I warn you still to make your chief Repast
 On one plain Dish, and trifle with the rest.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Beef, in a Fever, if your Stomach crave it,
 Ox-cheek, or mawkish Cod, be sure you have it,
 For still the Constitution, even the Case,
 Directs the Stomach; this informs the Taste;
 And what the Taste in her capricious Fits
 Coyly, or even indifferently admits,
 The peevish Stomach, or disdains to Toil,
 Or indolently works to vapid Chyle,

This

This Instinct of the Taste so seldom errs,
 That if you love, you smart for Cucumbers,
 Or Plumbs of bad Repute, you'll likely find
 'Twas for you separated what Nature join'd,
 The spicy Kernel here, and there the Rind.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

'Tis strange how blindly we from Nature stray!
 The only Creatures we that miss their Way!
To err is human, Man's Prerogative,
 Who's too much Sense by Nature's Laws to live:
 Wiser than Nature he must thwart her Plan,
 And ever will be spoiling, where he can.
 'Tis well he cannot Ocean change to Cream,
 Nor Earth to gilded Cake; not e'en cou'd tame
Niagara's steep Abyss to crawl down Stairs*,
 Or dress in Roses the dire *Cordellier*†:
 But what he can he does: Well can he trim
 A charming Spot into a childish Whim:

Can

* Vide Chatsworth, 1759.

† Les Cordelleira's des Andes are a Chain of Hills, which run
 through South America.

Can every gen'rous Gift of Nature spoil,
 And rates their merits by his Cost and Toil.
 Whate'er the Land, whate'er the Seas produce,
 Of perfect Texture, and exalted Juice,
 He pampers, or to fulsome Fat, or drains,
 Refines, and bleaches, till no Taste remains.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Enough to fatten Fools, or drive the Dray,
 But Plagues and Death to those of finer Clay.

No corner else, 'tis not to be denied,
 Of all our Isle so rankly is supplied
 With gross Productions, and adulterate Fare,
 As one renown'd Abode, whose Name I spare.
 They cram all Poultry, that the hungry Fox
 Would loath to touch them; e'en their boasted Ox
 Sometimes is glutted so with unctuous Spoil,
 That what seems Beef is rather Rape-seed Oil.
 D'ye know what Brawn is?—O th' unhappy Beast!
 He stands eternal, and is doom'd to feast,
 Till——But the nauseous Process I forbear——
 Only, beware of Brawn——beware beware!
 Yet Brawn has Taste—it has: Their Veal has
 none,
 Save what the Butcher's Breath inspires alone;

N

Just

Just Heaven one Day may send them Hail for
Wheat.

Who spoil all Veal because it should be white.
'Tis hard to say of what compounded Paste
Their Bread is wrought, for it betrays no Taste,
Whether 'tis Flour and Chalk, or Chalk and Flour
Shell'd and refin'd, 'till it has Taste no more;
But if the Lump be white, and white enough,
No Matter how insipid, dry, or tough.
In Salt itself the sapid Savour fails,
Burnt Alom for the Love of white prevails:
While tasteless Cole-seed we for Mustard swallow,
'Tis void of Zest indeed—but still 'tis yellow.
Parsnip, or Parsley Root, the Rogues will soon
Scrape for Horse-Radish, and 'twill pass unknown,
For by the Colour, not the Taste, we prove all,
As Hens will sit on Chalk, if 'tis but oval.

I must with Caution the Cook's Reign invade,
Hot as the Fire, and hasty from his Trade,

*	*	*	*	*	*	*
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*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*

A Cook of Genius, bid him roast a Hare,
By all that's hot and horrible wou'd swear,
Parch native dryness! Zounds, that's not the thing,
But stew him, and he might half dine a King.

His

His gen'rous Broth I should almost prefer
To Turtle Soup, tho' Turtle travels far.

You think me nice perhaps ; yet I could dine
On roasted rabbit ; or fat Turkey and Chine ;
Or fulsome Hasket ; or most drily cram
My Throat with tasteless Fillet and wet Ham :
But let me ne'er of Mutton-saddle, eat,
That solid Phantom, that most specious Cheat ;
Yet Loin is passable, he was no Fool
Who said the half is better than the whole ;

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

But I have cook'd and carv'd enough and more,
We come to drinking next. 'Till Dinner's o'er,
I would all Claret, even Champaign forbear,
Give me fresh Water — blest me with Small-beer.
But still whate'er you drink with cautious Lip
Approach, survey, and e'er you swallow, sip ;
For often, O defend all honest Throats !
The reeling Wasp on the drench'd Borage floats.
I've known a Dame, sage else as a Divine,
For Brandy whip off *Ipecacuan* Wine ;

And I'm as sure amid your careless Glee,
 You'll swallow *Port* one Time for *Cote-rotie*.
 But you aware of that *Lethæan Flood*,
 Will scarce repeat the Dose — forbid you should!
 'Tis such a deadly Foe to all that's bright,
 'Twould soon encumber e'en your Fancy's Flight;
 And if 'tis true what some wise Preacher says,
 That we our gen'rous Ancestors disgrace,
 The Fault from this pernicious Fountain flows,
 Hence half our Follies, half our Crimes and Woes;
 And ere our maudlin Genius mounts again,
 'Twill cost a Sea of Claret and Champaign
 Of this retarding Glue to rinse the Nation's
 Brain,

The Mud-fed Carp, refines amid the Springs,
 And Time and *Burgundy* might do great Things;
 But Health and Pleasure we for Trade despise,
 For *Portugal's* grudg'd Gold our Genius dies.
 O hapless Race! O Land to be bewail'd!
 With Murders, Treasons, horrid Deaths appal'd;
 Where dark-red Skies with livid Thunders frown,
 While Earth convulsive shakes her Cities down;
 Where Hell in Heaven's Name holds her impious
 Court,
 And the Grape bleeds out that black Poison, Port;
 Sad Poison to themselves, to us still worse,
 Brew'd and rebrew'd, a doubled, trebled Curse.

Toss'd

Toss'd in the Crowd of various Rules I find,
Still some material business left behind :

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The Fig, the Gooseberry, beyond all Grapes,
Mellower to eat, as rich to drink perhaps.
But pleasures of this Kind as best enjoyed
Beneath the Tree, or by the Fountain Side,
Ere the quick soul, and dewy Bloom exhale,
And vainly melt into the thankless Gale.

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Who from the full Meal yield to natural Rest,
A short Repose ; 'tis strange how soon you'll find
A second morn rise chearful on your Mind :
Besides it softly, kindly, sooths away
The saddest Hour to some that damps the Day.
But if you're coy to Sleep, before you spread
Some easy-trotting Poet's Lines—you're dead
At once : Even these may hasten your Repose,
Now rapid Verse, now halting nearer Prose ;
There smooth, here rough, what I suppose you'd
chuse,

As Men of Taste hate Sameness in the Muse :

Yes, I'd adjourn all Drinking till 'tis late,
 And then indulge, but at a moderate Rate.
 By Heaven not * * * with all his genial Wit,
 Should ever tempt me after twelve to sit—
 You laugh—at Noon you say: I mean at Night.

I long to read your Name once more again,
 But while at *Cassel*, all such Longing's vain.
 Yet *Cassel* else no sad Retreat I find,
 While good and amiable * *Gayot's* my Friend,
 Generous and plain, the Friend of Human-kind;
 Who scorns the little-minded's partial View;
 One you would love, one that would relish you.
 With him sometimes I sup, and often dine,
 And find his Presence cordial more than Wine.
 There lively, genial, friendly, *Goy* and I,
 Touch Glasses oft to one, whose Company
 Would—but what's this?—Farewel, within two
 Hours
 We march for *Hoxter*—ever, ever Yours.

* *Monf. de Gayot*, Fils, Conseiller d'Etat, et Intendant de
 l'Armée Francoise en Allemagne.

F I N I S.

SKETCHES:

OR

ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By LAUNCELOT TEMPLE, *Esq;*

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S K E T C H E S.

of LANGUAGE.

ALMOST every one that can read, pretends to judge of the Author's Style, as it is called : But how few are there who really know good Language from bad ! Even the best Judges are sometimes divided in their Opinions ; for want, it would seem, of a common Standard by which the Merits of different Languages, as
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of different Writers in the same Language, might be compared. If I was to reduce my own private Idea of the best Language to a Definition; I should call it the shortest, clearest and easiest Way of expressing one's Thoughts by the most harmonious Arrangement of the best chosen Words, both for Meaning and Sound. The best Language is strong and expressive, without Stiffness or Affectation; short and concise, without being either obscure or ambiguous; and easy and flowing and disengag'd, without one undetermined or superfluous Word.

Of GENIUS.

THERE is a Standard of Right and Wrong in the Nature of Things, of Beauty and Deformity, both in the natural and moral World. And as different Minds happen to be more or less exquisite, the more or less sensibly do they perceive the various Degrees of Good and Bad, and are more or less susceptible of being charmed with what is right or beautiful, and disgusted with what is wrong or deformed. It is chiefly this Sensibility

sibility that constitutes Genius; to which a sound Head and a good Heart are as essential as a delicate Imagination. And a man of true Genius must necessarily have as exquisite a Feeling of the moral beauties, as of whatever is great or beautiful in the Works of Nature, or masterly in the Arts which imitate Nature, in Poetry, Painting, Statuary and Music.

On the other side, where the heart is very bad, the Genius and Taste, if there happen to be any Pretensions to them, will be found shocking and unnatural. NERO would be nothing less than a Poet; but his verses were what one may call most *villainously* bad. His Taste of Magnificence and Luxury was horribly glaring, extravagant and unnatural to the last Degree.

CALIGULA's Taste was so outrageously wrong that he detested the Works of the sweet MANTUAN Poet more passionately than ever MOECENAS admired them; and if VIRGIL had unfortunately lived down to those times in which that Monster appeared, he would probably have been tortured
to

to Death for no other Crime, but that he wrote naturally, and like an honest Man.

True Genius may be said to consist of a perfect Polish of Soul, which receives and reflects the Images that fall upon it, without Warping or Distortion. And this fine Polish of Soul is, I believe, constantly attended with what Philosophers call the moral Truth.

There are Minds which receive Objects truly, and feel the Impressions they ought naturally to make, in a very lively Manner, but want the Faculty of reflecting them; as there are People who, I suppose, feel all the Charms of Poetry without being Poets themselves.

Of T A S T E.

OUR Notion of Taste may be easily understood by what has been said upon the Subject of Genius; for mere good Taste is nothing else but Genius without the Power of Execution.

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It must be born; and is to be improved chiefly by being accustomed, and the earlier the better, to the most exquisite Objects of Taste in its various Kinds. For the Taste in Writing and Painting, and in every thing else, is insensibly formed upon what we are accustomed to; as well as Taste in eating and drinking. One who from his youth has been used to drink nothing but heavy dismal Port, will not immediately acquire a Relish for Claret or Burgundy.

In the most stupid Ages there is more good Taste than one would at first Sight imagine. Even the present, abuse it with what contemptuous Epithets you please, cannot be totally void of it. As long as there are noble, humane and generous Dispositions among Mankind, there must be good Taste. For in general, I don't say always, the Taste will be in Proportion to those moral Qualities, and that Sensibility of Mind from which they take their Rise. And while many, amongst the Great and the Learned, are allowed to have Taste for no better Reason than that it is their own Opinion, it is often possessed by those who are not conscious of

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it, and dream as little of pretending to it as to a Star and Garter. An honest Farmer, or Shepherd, who is acquainted with no Language but what is spoken in his own County, may have a much truer Relish of the *English* Writers than the most dogmatical Pedant that ever crested himself into a Commentator, and from his *Gothic* Chair, with an ill-bred Arrogance, dictated false criticism to the gaping Multitude.

But even those who are endued with good natural Taste, often judge implicitly and by rote, without ever consulting their own Taste. Instances of this passive Indolence, or rather this Unconsciousness of one's own Faculties, appear every Day; not only in the fine Arts, but in Cases where the mere *Taste*, according to the original meaning of the Word, is alone concerned. For I am positive there are many thousands, who, if they were to bring their own Palate to a severe Examination, would discover that they really find a more delicious Flavour in Mutton than in Venison, in Flounder than in Turbot, and yet prefer middling or bad Venison to the best Mutton; that is, what is scarcest and dearest, and consequently, what is

from

from the Folly of Mankind, the most in Vogue, to what is really the most agreeable to their own private Taste.

In Matter of Taste, the Public, for the most part, suffers itself to be led by a few who perhaps are really no Judges; but who, under the Favour of some Advantages of Title, Place, or Fortune, set up for Judges, and are implicitly followed even by those who have Taste. These wastry Dictators have learnt at School to admire such Authors as have for ages been possessed of an undisputed Renown: But they would never have been the first to have discovered Strokes of true Genius in a contemporary Writer, tho' they had lived at the Court of AUGUSTUS, or of Q. ELIZABETH.

So undistinguishing is our Taste, that if the flattest Dunce this fruitful Age can boast of, could by some artful imposture prepossess the Public, that the most insipid of all his own Bread-sauce Compositions, to be published next Winter, was a Piece of MILTON's or any other celebrated Author, recovered from Dust and Obscurity, it would be received with universal Applause, and perhaps be translated into *French* before the Town had doated six Weeks upon it. One might venture to say too, that if

a Work of true Spirit and Genius was to be introduced into the World, under the Name of some Writer of low Reputation, it would be rejected even by the greatest part of those who pretend to lead the Taste. And no Wonder, while an eminent Vintner has mistaken his own old Hock at Nine Shillings a Bottle, for that at Five.

of TURGID WRITING.

NOISE and Bluster is what passes for Sublime with the great Majority of Readers; and there are People who think nothing can be strong or solid but what is clumsy. Yet the genteel Dignity of WHITEHALL, and the elegant cheerful Simplicity of St. PAUL's in COVENT-GARDEN, may stand as long as that purse-proud Wittol the TREASURY, or even the squat Solidity of the HORSE-GUARDS.

Unnatural, forced, exaggerated Swelling, whether in Sentiments or Language, is owing to false Taste and want of true Genius. The HERCULES of Goltzius is that very sublime in Person. It is intended to express the most excessive Robustness.

The

The Painter in endeavouring to represent the human Form in its utmost Degree of Strength, has aggravated the Demi-god into a mere awkward Monster; as ridiculous a Giant as either of the Brothers at *Guildhall*.

To take it in another View, that clumsy robustness of Manner (which, by the way, does not partake of true Vigour, for that always performs its Business without straining) is the same Thing to the spirited Ease which is necessary to good Writing, that the awkward Efforts of a huge, heavy, ill-shaped Dray-horse, and a lame one too, are to the easy actions of the most supple ARABIAN that ever was drest by ST. AMOUR.

That Writing can never be very good which is not easy; but it does not follow that all easy Writing is good. Writing may be very easy, and yet, Heaven knows, very insipid. And when you begin to suspect that your Writing is easy indeed but wants Spirit, the wisest Thing you can do is, to let your Pen drop and go to Bed.

*Of AFFECTATION of WIT, and
FLORID WRITING.*

IT is not always so easy to get rid of an impertinent Companion as of a silly Book; otherwise to be for ever aiming at Wit would be as teizing and intolerable in Writing as in Conversation. Too much even of genuine Wit is cloying, and the vanity of displaying it incessantly will fatigue and disgust every Reader whose Taste is true Olives, Caveare, Anchovies and *Dutch Herrings*, do very well in their Place; but, in the Name of all the hospitable Powers, don't oblige us to dine upon them. Let us first lay a Foundation of good plain Beef or Mutton, if you please: for there is no living upon Pickles or Sweet-meats alone.

The Ground-work of every Performance, even of those which admit or require the greatest Profusion of Ornament, ought to be plain and simple. Observe Nature: In the Meadow, the sweet green, which never dazzles the Sight, is the predominant Colour;

Colour; while the gaudy Flowers, red, white, yellow, blue and purple, are carelessly interspersed. This is infinitely more pleasing and beautiful than that insipid, uncomfortable Bauble called a Flower-knot; and the wild Variety of the Woods as far excels the richest Plantation of Flowering Shrubs. I would not be above taking a hint even from the mechanic Arts: If a suit of Cloaths is overcharged with Lace, it becomes tawdry and ungenteel. In every Work, the true Taste is to dispose the Ornaments with Ease and Propriety, and not to be affectedly or too ostentatiously prodigal of them. By this Means you bestow upon your Performance an elegant Richness, and such a modest Dignity as will please every true Eye; tho' it may quite escape the Notice of the Vulgar, and false Critics of all Ranks, who delight in nothing but what is glaring, tawdry, and ostentatious. — No, I beg their Pardon: For they are sometimes in Raptures, or seem to be so, with what is altogether insipid.

Let the Ornaments be never so well executed, if they are not easily and naturally introduced, they will have an aukward Effect. The most beautiful Woman may disgust you by Ostentation and a declared Intention to charm. As often as it is possible

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to contrive it so, the Ornaments should be, or at least appear to be, of some Use towards the main Design of the Work ; but when they are bluntly produced, and with too barefaced a Purpose to dazzle or entertain, instead of your Admiration, they raise your Contempt. A Masque, a Coronation, or a Procession upon our Stage, is, for the most part, an insipid, tawdry, tiresome Shew. But if it was really an Ornament, to introduce it with Propriety and Grace it ought to be contrived as an Incident to help on the Business of the Piece : as in the Masque in ROMEO and JULIET ; and the Funeral Procession, such as it is, in RICHARD the Third : which, notwithstanding some want of *Decorum*, as the Critics call it, and of Probability in the Scene, has still some Kind of Pretence to assist in the Business of the Fable.

To conclude : The ornamental Parts of a Work cost the least Trouble to a Writer who has any Luxuriance of Imagination. To support the plain Parts with an easy Dignity, so that they shall neither become flat on the one hand, nor disgustingly stiff on the other, is a much more difficult Task. And yet if you succeed never so well here, you'll receive little Thanks from the generality of Readers ; who will be apt to imagine, they could easily perform the same Kind of Work themselves, till they come to try it.

Of

OF OBSCURE WRITING.

AS the first End of all Writing and Speaking is to be understood, it seems to follow that Obscurity must be the greatest Fault in either. One would think it needless to insist upon this; yet there are Readers so absurd as to admire an Author the more for every now and then plunging into the Unintelligible: as a Dash of Mystery procures more Reverence from weak Minds to any Scheme of Religion, than its most virtuous or most rational Precepts. Some clumsy Scholars too, who must needs be making awkward Love to the scornful Muses, and tumbling them with their coarse Paws, when they come to an Obscure Passage in an Author, whom they are determined to admire, tell us, we must not always expect the same clearness in Writers of the first Class, as in the more inferior ones. Such is their Cant even in talking of Dramatic Writing, in which Obscurity is more unpardonable than almost in any other kind of Production. But the dullest and most shallow of those Critics could write obscurely himself; and if he writes much he must have *ill Luck* not to do it sometimes. For to write obscurely requires no other Talent or Skill than to express one's Mean-

ing.

ing imperfectly ; or, if that is not enough, to write without any Meaning at all. However, amongst a different kind of Critics, Perspicuity has always been reckoned an essential Quality to good Writing ; and if sometimes a great Author is found deficient in this Article, it only shews how difficult it is to express some Things with Clearness and Ease. For one may very safely presume, that no good Writer, where it was prudent to speak out, ever express himself obscurely from Choice.

Of the Modern Art of Spelling.

AN Author seems reduced to great Extremities, who flies to new Spellings to distinguish himself.

These Innovations are pedantic and conceited Trifles ; and the best, or rather the only good Reason for ever altering a long established Spelling is, that the Writing may come the nearer to the Pronunciation. But our Reformers in the Art of Spelling, who at present chiefly confine themselves to one Class of Words, to Substantive Nouns and Verbs derived from the LATIN, such as *Honour, Favour, Labour*, while they write *Honor, Favor, Labor*, increase the distance between the Writing and Pronunciation.

nunciation, or rather they produce one where there was none before; for the *u* in all these Words, except in a few where it is generally omitted in the common Spelling, as *Horror*, *Terror*, is at least as much felt in the Pronunciation as the retained Vowel *o*. Some have, unhappily enough, subjected to the same Innovation other Words, which contain the Diphthong *ou*, though they have no Relation at all to the LATIN, and write *Endeavor*, *Neighbor*, *Behavior*. Why don't they proscribe this hated *u* in *Adjectives* too; and instead of *invidious*, *odious*, *glorious*, write *invidios*, *odios*, *glorios*? As they have gone so far, I can see no good Reason why they should stop short here.

Trifles betray the Character: And it is somewhat strange, if it has escaped the Penetration of those Philosophers who have employed Part of their Talents in characterising the Age, that there hardly needed any other Instance to distinguish the present as an *unmanly* one than this very aversion to the honest Vowel *u*; without whose Assistance it would be impossible to pronounce some of the most important and most interesting Words, to any thing of a Mans in the whole *English* Language. And it is not unworthy our Observation here, that a late noble Author, whose Parts were manly enough in the earlier Days of his Life,

Life, did not begin to *Castigate* his Spelling after this Manner, till he was considerably advanced in Years.

Of NEW WORDS.

IT is the easiest Thing imaginable to coin Words. The most ignorant of the Mobility are apt to do it every Day, and are laughed at it for it. What best can justify the introducing of a new Word is Necessity, where there is not an established one to express your Meaning. But while all the World understands what is meant by the Word *Pleasure*,, which sounds very well too, what Occasion can there be for saying * *Volupty* ?

Nothing can deform a Language so much as an Inundation of new Words and Phrases. It is, indeed, the readiest Way to demolish it. If there is any need to illustrate the barbarous Effect, which a Mixture of new Words must produce, only consider how a Discourse, patched all

* See some posthumous Works published a few Years ago in Defence of our holy Religion.

all over with Sentences in different Languages, would sound; or how oddly it would strike you in a serious Conversation to hear, from the same Person, a Mixture of all the various Dialects and Tones of the several Counties and Shires of the three Kingdoms, tho' it is still the same Language. To make it sensible to the Eye; how greatly would a Mixture of *Roman, Italick, Greek, and Saxon* Characters deform a Page? A Picture, imitating the Style of different Masters, which is commonly called a Gallery of Painters, can never be pleasing for the same Reasons, want of Union and Harmony.

The present licentious Humour of coining and borrowing Words, seems to portend no Good to the *English* Language: And it is grievous to think with what *Volupty* two or * *poetararorencouroac* eminent Personages have *opiniatred* the *Inchoation* of such *futile* Barbarisms.

In short, the Liberty of coining Words ought to be used with great Modesty. *Horace*, they say, gave but two, and *Virgil* only one to the *Latin*

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Tongue,

* The Word for the Number Three, in one of the American Languages, which, to judge by this Specimen, cannot be barbarous for want of Polysyllables.

Tongue, which was squeamish enough not to swallow those, even from such Hands, without Reluctance.

I cannot conclude without putting our Writers and Speakers in mind of an excellent Advice from Mr. *Pope* on this Subject of new and old Words:

* *Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.*

Of SUPERANNUATED WORDS.

INSTEAD of creating a Parcel of awkward new Words, I imagine it would be an Improvement to degrade many of the old ones from their Peerage. I am but a private Man, and without Authority; but an absolute Prince, if he was of my Opinion, would make it capital ever to say *encroach* or *Encroachment*, or any thing that belongs to *encroaching*. I would commit *inculcate*, for all its Latinity, to the Care of the Pa-vours; and it should never appear above Ground again. If you have the least Sympathy with
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* See Mr. *Pope's* Essay on Criticism.

the human Ear, never say *Purport* while you breathe; nor *betwixt*, except you have first repeated *between* till we are quite tired of it. — *Methinks* strongly resembles the broken Language of a *German* in his first Attempts to speak *English*. *Methought* lies under the same Objection, but it sounds better.

It is full Time that *froward* should be turned out of all good Company, especially as *perverse* is ready at hand to supply his Place. *Vouchsafe* is a very civil Gentleman; but as his Courtesy is somewhat old-fashioned, we wish he would *deign* or *condescend*, or *be pleased* to retire.

From what rugged Road, I wonder, did *swerve* deviate into the *English* Language? — But this *Subject Matter*! — In the Name of every thing that's disgusting and detestable, what is it? Is it one or two ugly Words? What's the Meaning of it? Confound me if ever I could guess! Yet one dares hardly ever peep into a Preface, for fear of being stared in the Face with this nasty *Subject Matter*.

Wittol is an old-fashion'd, ill-sounding Word; but as there is frequent Occasion for it, and no

other Word so perfectly expresses its Meaning, we cannot afford to part with it.

But to pick out all the awkward old Words, which continue to be as current amongst us as the worn-out Sixpences, it would be necessary to peruse the Dictionary from A to Z. A most desperate, uncomfortable Labour! As heart-breaking a Task as it would be to wade through Half a Volume of the *Statutes at large*; nay, by Heaven, I would almost as soon take it upon me to read the most insipid Tragedy that has been brought upon the Stage these seven Years. But if one could submit to this Labour, and should presume to set a Mark upon every Word one did not relish, there may be People of a different Opinion; and no private Person has Authority enough to prohibit the Use of any Word, if he finds it ever so intolerable to his own Ear. For my Part I shall endeavour to pass through Life as inoffensively as possible, both to the World and my own Conscience; and hope, and pray, I may never be reduced to the Necessity of using * *One Word, which dying, I would wish to blot.*

* See the Epilogue to Mr. Thomson's *Coriolanus*,

OF MUSIC.

MUSIC, I presume, can no further be properly called one of the imitative Arts, than as it expresses the Passions ; and in this Respect only can be admitted, as the Sister of Poetry and Painting. So that mere Harmony has little Pretension to such an Alliance ; for it is no more Music than mere Versification is Poetry.

The *Italian* Compositions, I speak of the modern ones, for the most part mean nothing beyond harmonious Sound ; and are as much inferior to whatever is truly pathetic in Music, as a Tragedy, which depends upon Noise and Show, is to a plain passionate one, which represents a natural and moving Picture of Life, and of the human Mind. A Family Piece, even such an one as the celebrated Works of *Vandyke* at *Wilton*, where, though the Drawing is exact, and the Attitudes easy and natural, the Figures are all gaping and unemployed, is a mighty tame Performance when compared with a grand History by *Raphael*, *Rubens*, or the same *Vandyke* himself, where every thing is expressive, warm, passionate, and interesting.

But it is not even mere Harmony ; Difficulty of Execution is the Sublime, at which the greatest Part of our modern Masters aspire ; as if it required the least Genius either to compose or execute difficult Music. While these are the Objects of Emulation amongst our Composers and Performers, the Opera is likely to *continue* a most ravishing Entertainment.

We run mad, or rather foolish, after this imported Music ; while perhaps we have much better of our own. Most of the modern *Italian* Compositions only trifle with the Ear : The *Welsh*, the *Scotch*, the *Irish* Music, reaches the Heart. The Productions of our present *Italian* Masters are thrummed over for a Season, because they are new ; and forgot for ever afterwards, because when you have heard them twenty Times, you find them still as insipid as at first. The Music, which charmed these Islands perhaps long before the boasted Revival of this Art in *Italy*, or rather in *Flanders*, is as established as the ancient Classics ; and those Compositions, short and simple as they are, never become threadbare, but give Delight and Rapture every Time they are heard.

There is a certain Resemblance of Air between the Music of the ancient *Britons*, the *Irish*, and the *Scotch* ; and yet they are all very distinguish-
able

able from one another. There is a remarkable Difference of Character even between the Music of the North and the South of *Scotland*. The northern is generally martial, for the most part melancholy, and bears a strong Resemblance to the *Irish*: The southern is pastoral and amorous, with such an Air of tender melancholy, as Love and Solitude, in a wild romantic Country, are apt to inspire. Each of them has a Wildness peculiar to itself. The wild Spirit of the South breathes a sweeter Air of rural Solitude; that of the North is more solemn, and sometimes what one might almost call dreadful. Besides, the gay sprightly Airs which each of them has produced, are in as different Styles as the Genius and Manners of the People in the two Extremities of *Scotland*, or the Face of the Countries they inhabit; both of which are wild, but, I believe, with a very different Air.

The *British* Poetry is universally allowed, by the best Judges of both, to be much superior to the *Italian*; and why should you wonder to find the Music of the one Country brought into Competition with that of the other? The Music of these Islands seems to agree in Character with that of the Ancients, which, from the Accounts we have of it, excelled in Simplicity and Passion. How simple the Music must have been that delighted
Greece,

Greece, in the Days of *Alcæus*, *Sappho*, *Pindar*, and *Anacreon*, seems to appear from the very Make of their capital Instrument, the Lyre.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

RHYME, we have often been told, is a modern Invention; tho', if that were a Crime, it might perhaps be proved to be not so very modern neither. It is reckoned a barbarous one by some Pedants; who finding, I suppose, by the Opinion of better Judges than themselves, that it is abominable in *Greek* and *Latin*, conclude that it must not be less so in *French* and in *English*. The contrary is evident to every one that has Ears and dares think for himself: For *English* Rhime is capable of much Harmony; and the *French* can have no Versification without it. But some People, who ought to know better, seem to make no Allowance for the original Difference between one Language and another; and are ready to quarrel with the *English* as a barbarous Language, because it is not *Latin* or *Greek*. They do not consider that every Language has Powers and Graces peculiar to itself; and that what is becoming in one would be quite ridiculous in another. Of this it is sufficient to produce one obvious Example: The

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Transposition of Words, which gives such a Grace and Spirit to the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages, and without which they would become detestably flat and insipid, does not at all suit the Genius of the *English*; except sometimes in Poetry: And, by the way, I am afraid there are too many ungraceful Transpositions current amongst our *English* Poets.

But it is not only a few obscure Pedants, who are thus dissatisfied with their Mother-tongue; and would be glad for its Improvement to torture it from its native Shape, some into *Latin* and others into *French*: For Attempts of this Nature have been actually made by Men of superior Note. Sir *Philip Sidney*, who, notwithstanding his affected Manner, must be allowed to have possessed a great Share of Genius, would every now and then spur up his gallant *English* into a most unbecoming ridiculous Trot after the *Greek* and *Latin* Hexameters. It is certainly impossible to introduce the *Greek* and *Latin* Measures into *English* Poetry with any Success; yet Sir *Philip* was fond of this Project, and pursued it with a strange Obstinacy. He recommended it to *Spenser*; but *Spenser* had too true an Ear to relish such awkward unnatural Versification, or countenance it by his Example. At least there is nothing remains of him to shew that he ever practised it. There have been attempts made
since

since to the same Purpose by *Milton* and some later Authors. But there never was any thing seen so ungraceful or so despicably pedantic as all Essays of that Kind which have hitherto appeared. I do not know that it has ever yet been tried, except by *Milton* in some Parts of his *Samson*; but of all the *Greek* or *Latin* Measures, the Iambic seems the most capable of being adopted into the *English* Poetry.

I have either read or heard that a Poet of the last Century, whom I shall not name, because I am not perfectly sure of the Fact, pretended to some Secrets in Versification, which he did not chuse to communicate. If it was so, it shewed a Jealousy unworthy of so great a Master of Numbers: He might safely enough, for his own Superiority, have published those Secrets whatever they were; for it is impossible they could ever be of much Use. He could easily advise you to vary your Pauses, and tell you which are the most graceful: but these, and all such Precepts, are nothing to the Purpose; a good Ear will naturally produce Harmony without the least Regard or Attention to Rules; and there is no Cure for a bad one. The only Way to improve the Ear, whether good or bad, is to accustom it to the most harmonious Writing.

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Blank Verse admits of a greater Variety of Pauses than Rhime, and is partly for that Reason the fittest for Works of any considerable Length. But in *English* Poetry I question whether it is possible, with any Success, to write Odes, Epistles, Elegies, Pastorals, or Satires, without Rhime. And it happens luckily that in these short Pieces the Ear has not Time to be tired with the Return of the Chimes: which, in my humble Opinion, had better sometimes play a little false to one another than be for ever scrupulously exact; provided such Licences never shock the Ear.

It does not require a very exquisite Ear to write two smooth or even harmonious Lines running: Yet in Rhime, a Poet, who is always very careful to polish his Couplet, may pass with the Multitude for a great Master in Versification. But as long as his Harmony is confined within such narrow Bounds, he writes but like a School-Boy, who keeps in the Line only with the Help of ruled Paper.

Dr. *Swift* and Mr. *Pope* took Offence, one does not know why, at the Triplet, and very rarely condescended to admit it into their Verse. It is true, it had been used to a nauseous Excess by some tasteless Writers; and Mr. *Pope's* own Imitation of *Rocheſter* might juſtly enough give him

a Disgust to the Triplet for his whole Life. Yet it contributes not a little to the Grace of *Dryden's* Verification: and I can see no Reason why it should be prohibited now: as it gives a Variety to the Numbers, which in Rhyme is sufficiently limited to require such an Help: besides it may often be in your Power by its Means to compress within three Lines, what must otherwise straggle into four, and of course become languid and spiritless.

Variety is the Soul of Verification; and the March of the Lines ought to be adapted to the Subject. The Measure is the same in both; but had *Horace*, wrote his Epistles or Satires in the same Kinds of Numbers with *Virgil's* *ÆNEID*, it would have been a monstrous Impropriety; like hunting the Fox or Hare on a War-horse, with the Equipage of a General at a Review, or on the Day of Battle. He knew very well, that in familiar Writing, Dignity of Verification would be quite ridiculous. Accordingly in those Parts his Numbers are loose, rambling, and often almost prosaic. But in his most careless and licentious Periods he seldom or never hurts the Ear: and as often as there is any thing great in his Sentiment, his Expression and Numbers rise in Proportion, and sustain themselves with a native unaffected Dignity;
till

till without falling he descends on easy and dexterous Wings to the familiar again.

It does not seem quite foreign to the present Subject, to take some Notice of a certain *French* Author, who, after having given it as his Opinion, that *Mr. Pope is the most harmonious of all the English Poets*, adds, with a very plausible Assurance, that *he has reduced the sharp Hissings of the English Trumpet to the sweet Sounds of the Flute**. It is no great wonder, that one who is apt to write much at random, should presume to talk so contemptuously of a manly, an elegant and harmonious Language with which he plainly appears to have but a very superficial Acquaintance. But who ever talked before of the *Hissings of a Trumpet*—or of *sharp Hissings*? We have all heard of the *hoarse Trumpet*, but the *hissing Trumpet* is an Instrument we are not yet acquainted with. However to pass these little improprieties, this Compliment to *Mr. Pope* shews how well our Critic is qualified to pronounce Sen-

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tence

* *Mr. Pope*—Est, je crois, le Poete le plus elegant, le plus correct, et ce qui est encore beaucoup, le plus harmonieux qu'ait eu l'Angleterre. Il a reduit les sifflemens aigres de la trompette Angloise au sons doux de la Flute. *Voltaire, Lettres sur les Anglois.*

tence upon the *English* Poets. No one is more sensible than I am of Mr. *Pope's* Merit; but his blindest Admirer might startle at the Preference bestowed upon him here. For, not to mention the great Names of *Spenser*, *Shakespeare* and *Milton*, upon such an Occasion, let us only compare Mr. *Pope* in this Point of View with a Writer upon whom, as they say, he formed himself, and whom not only in his own Opinion, but in that of many others, he is thought to have excelled in the Art of versifying. It is almost needless, after this, to say, that I mean *Dryden*, whose Versification I take to be the most musical that has yet appeared in Rhime. Round, sweet, pompous, spirited and various; it flows with such a happy Volubility, such an animated and masterly Negligence, as I am afraid will not soon be excelled. From the Fineness of his Ear, his Prose too is perhaps the sweetest, the most mellow and generous, that the *English* Language has yet produced.

Had Mr. *Voltaire* known as much of the *English* Poets as he pretended to do, he might have found something like the *sweet Sound of the Flute* in Mr. *Waller*; who wrote before Mr. *Pope* was born. Mr. *Voltaire*, before he presumed to compare the *English* Poets, should have known that before Mr. *Waller* appeared

appeared there was one *Edmund Spenser*, a Poet, whose Verse was not merely indolently smooth, but spirited also and harmonious. And if Mr. *Voltaire* was a perfect and a candid Judge in this Case, he would own that there was more Harmony in many of the *English* Poets — much more than the *French* Language can attain to, or an Ear, debauched by the *French* Versification, is capable of relishing.

Of the VERSIFICATION *of* ENGLISH
TRAGEDY.

THE greatest Part of our modern Writers of Tragedy seem to think it enough to write mere Blank Verse; no matter however hard it be, however void of Swelling and Harmony. Even those of them who write the best Numbers, study to be solemn and pompous throughout, and affect a Monotony of heroic Versification, from the first Appearance of the Heroine with her Confidant to her last fatal Exit; without the least regard to the Variety of Passions, which express themselves in quick or slow, flowing or interrupted, in languishing or impetuous Movements.

The proper Versification of *English* Tragedy is most certainly Blank Verse; but as different

from the solemn and majestic Movement of heroic Poetry as the Iambic is from the Hexameter. What a monstrous Production would a *Greek* or *Latin* Tragedy in Hexameter Verse appear!—The ancients found the grave Iambic their proper Measure for Tragedy, as it is at the same Time capable of all the Dignity which that Kind of Poem requires, and descends with the greatest Ease to the Level of Prose and Conversation. Such as is the Iambic in *Latin*, is Blank Verse in *English*: but by no Means the Blank Verse of *Paradise Lost*.

The Numbers ought to be accommodated to the Passion: And though in some Parts of Tragedy it is proper they should be slow, or solemn, or languishing, they ought for the most Part to run somewhat rambling and irregular, and often rapid and subsultory, so as to imitate the natural Cadence and quick Turns of Conversation.

Shakespeare, who I will venture to say had the most musical Ear of all the *English* Poets, is abundantly irregular in his Versification: But his wildest Licences seldom hurt the Ear; on the contrary, they give his Verse a Spirit and Variety, which prevents its ever cloying. Our modern Tragedy-Writers, instead of using the Advantages of their own Language, seem in general to imitate the

the Monotony of the *French* Versification: and the only Licence they ever venture upon is that poor tame one the supernumerary Syllable at the End of a Line; which they are apt to manage in such a Manner as to give their Verse a most ungraceful Halt. But it is not want of Ear alone which makes our common Manufacturers of Tragedy so insipidly solemn and so void of Harmony: It is want of Feeling. For let the Ear be what it will, if the Passions are warmly felt, they will naturally express themselves in their proper Tones.

Tragedy requires a greater Variety of Numbers than any other poetical Production, as it is the most agitated with different Passions. The March of every Poem of any considerable Length but chiefly of Tragedy, ought to resemble the Course of a River, through a large Extent of Country, diversified with Plains, Hills and Mountains. The Stream, according as the Ground lies thro' which it flows, is either slow, smooth and solemn, or brisk and sportful: or rapid, impetuous and precipitate. Such, and so various, ought to be the Versification of Tragedy, instead of that stiff,

affected Importance of Movement, which is now absurdly and awkwardly supported thro' the whole Course of these sublime Performances.

But besides this studied Dignity: this inflexible Gravity of Pace; this unvaried exactness of Measure without Spirit or Harmony; this immoveable Hardness and want of Fluctuation in the Lines; there is no Language so unnatural as that you meet with in most of our modern Tragedies. The characters they represent are too heroic, it would seem, and too much exalted above common Life to speak *after the Manner of Men*. The Misfortune is, most of our Tragedy-Writers labour with all their Might, and keep themselves perpetually upon the Rack, to say every thing poetically: for it never enters into their Head, that the most natural is the most and the only poetical Way of saying common Things; except sometimes where you can properly raise your Expression by an easy Metaphor. Let the Sentiments be such as best suit the Character and Situation, and they cannot be expressed with too much Plainness and Simplicity; provided all Vulgarisms are as much as possible avoided.

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As to the Characters, if it was not for a very few Exceptions, one would think the Art of drawing them was lost amongst the dramatic Writers. Those that appear in most of our modern Plays, Tragedies call them, or Comedies, are like bad Portraits, which indeed represent the human Features but without Life or Meaning, or those distinguishing Strokes which, in the incomparable HOGARTH, and in every great History Painter, make you imagine you have seen such Persons as appear in the Picture. In short, those mechanical Performances are as imperfect as unnatural Representations of human Life, of the Manners and Passions of Mankind, as the *Gothick* Knights which lie along in Armour in the Temple Church are of the human Figure.

of I M I T A T I O N.

TH E humble Vanity, as one may call it, of imitating another Person's Manner, is one great Source of Affectation; which is generally ridiculous, and always disagreeable. A Person whose natural Turn is genteel, if he keeps
good

good Company, will insensibly acquire as much of their Manner as becomes him; but if he sets up any one as a Pattern to be exactly imitated, his Behaviour will grow constrained, stiff and affected. Such will be the constant Success of so absurd an Attempt to confine the Variety of Nature; which plainly intends that Mankind should be distinguishable one from another by their Air, Voice and Manner, no less than by their Faces.

A Poet, a Painter, or a Player, that imitates closely will never excel; and this will hold good in every thing else that belongs to Genius, It is true, that Education and Study are necessary to the Improvement of Genius; but to this Purpose it is sufficient to be familiarly acquainted with the greatest Masters, and the earlier in Life the better. By this Means, if you delight in them, and have any Similarity with them you will catch their Graces without affecting it: and your own original characteristical Manner will still distinguish itself. But if you study to form yourself upon them, you become only a Copy of a Copy. The greatest of them excel

by

by their happy Skill in copying Nature: and if you content yourself with fervilely copying them, without drawing immediately from the common Subject *Nature*; you will always be inferior to your Original, and have no Chance ever to produce any thing great or striking.

In the mean Time, I do not imagine that true Genius was ever much hurt by imitating. For tho' it is natural for young People to imitate a favourite Author at first, it is not probable that true Genius will submit to be so fettered long.

Of WRITING to the TASTE of the AGE.

WHATEVER some have pretended, one may reasonably enough doubt whether ever an Author wrote much below himself from any Cause but the Necessity of writing too fast. When this happens to a Writer, who with the Advantages of Leisure and easy Circumstances, is capable of producing such Works as might charm succeeding Ages, it is a Disgrace

grace to the Nation and the Times wherein such a Genius had the Misfortune to appear.

It belongs to true Genius to indulge its own Humour; to give a loose to its own Sallies; and to be curbed, restrained and directed by that sound Judgment alone which necessarily attends it. It belongs to it to improve and correct the public Taste; not to humour or meanly prostitute itself to the gross or low Taste which it finds. And you may depend upon it, that whatever Author labours to accommodate himself to the Taste of his Age — Suppose it, if you please, this present Age — the sickly Wane, the impotent Decline of the eighteenth Century; which from a hopeful Boy became a most insignificant Man; and for any thing that appears at present, will die a very fat drowsy Blockhead, and be damned to eternal Infamy and Contempt: Every such Author, I say, though he may thrive as far as an Author can in the present Age, will by Degrees languish into Obscurity in the next. For tho' naked and bare-faced Vanity; tho' an active Exertion of little Arts, and the most unremitting Perseverance in them; tho' Party Cabal, and
Intrigue;

Intrigue; tho' accidental Advantages, and even whimsical Circumstances; may conspire to make a very moderate Genius the Idol of the implicit Multitude: Works that lean upon such fickle Props, that stand upon such a false Foundation, will not be long able to support themselves against the Injuries of Time. Such Buildings begin to totter almost as soon as their Scaffolding is taken down.

But if you find it necessary to comply with the Humour of your Age; the Writing best calculated to please a false Taste is what has something of the Air of good Writing, without being really so. For to the vulgar Eye the Specious is more striking than the Genuine. The best writing is often too plain, too simple, too unaffected, and too delicate to stir the callous Organs of the Generality of Critics, who see nothing but the tawdry Glare of Tinsel, and are deaf to every thing but what is shockingly noisy to a true Ear. They are struck with the fierce glaring Colours of old *Frank*; with Attitudes and Expressions violent, distorted and unnatural: while the true, just and easy, the graceful,
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the moving, the sublime Representations of *Raphael*, have not the least Power to attract them, The bullying, noisy March in *Judas Maccabeus*, has perhaps more sincere Admirers than that most pathetic one in *Saul*: and in Conversation, Pertness and mere Vivacity, is more felt by the general run of Company, than easy unaffected Wit; as flashy, bouncing, flatulent Cyder seems to promise more Spirit than the still Vigour of reserved *Madeira*.

But the easiest, as well as the most effectual Way of writing to the bad Taste of your Age, is to set out while your Genius is yet upon a Level with it. Accordingly, if you have a Son who begins to display a hopeful Bloom of Imagination, be sure to publish, with all the Advantages that can be procured, the very first Essays of his Genius. They will hardly be too good to please; and besides, they have a Chance to be received with particular Favour and Admiration, as the Productions of a young Muse. When he has thus taken Possession of the public Ear, he may venture, as his Genius ripens, to do his best; he may write as well as he can, perhaps without much Danger of sinking in Reputation.

tation. The Renown of his first crude Essays will be sufficient to prejudice the Mobility, great and small, in Favour of the most exquisite Pieces he can produce afterwards. But if he must live by his Wit, the best Thing you can do for him is to transplant him, as early as possible, to PARIS; where in the worst of Days, in the most Gothic Muse-detesting Reign, there is still some Shelter afforded to the most delicate as well as the most uncommon Flower that blossoms in the human Mind. In that gay, serene, and genial Climate, the Muses are still more or less cultivated, tho' not with the same Ardour and Passion in every Age; as appears from the following Passage translated from a * French Author, who wrote about the beginning of the present Century. " Almost " all the Arts have in their Turns experienced " that Disgust and Love of Change which is natural to Mankind. But I don't know that any " one of them has felt it more than Poetry; " which in some Ages has been exalted to a " triumphal Heighth, in others neglected, discouraged,

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* *Defense de la Poësie*, par M. l'Abbe Messieu. *Memoires de Literature*, Tome 2de.

"courage'd, and despis'd. About sixty Years
 "ago, under the Administration of one of the
 "greatest Geniuses that ever *France* produced,
 "Poetry found itself amongst us at its highest
 "Pitch of Glory. Those who cultivated the
 "Muses were regarded with particular Favour:
 "This art was the Road to Fortune and digni-
 "fied Stations. But in these Days this Ardour
 "seems to be considerably abated. We do not
 "appear to be extremely sensible to poetical
 "Merit," &c.

Of PHYSIOGNOMY, *or the* SIMILITUDE
between the PERSON *and the* MIND.

THAT the Face is a false Glass is a vulgar
 Error, and seems to have taken its Rise
 from a few Exceptions: For all Mankind are so
 much Physiognomists, that whoever happens to
 find himself mistaken, though but for once, joins
 the Cry of the Proverb. All are not alike skilled
 in Faces, any more than in unravelling of Cha-
 racters; even the most penetrating Eye may be
 mistaken; yet I will presume to say, that the
 Face

Face is seldom a false Glass; and when it proves so, it is generally the Fault of the Beholder. Perhaps indeed Nature has made some Cheats, some to appear worse, many much better than they are. This is of a Piece with her usual Variety, and was perhaps partly intended to check the Presumption of Mankind in judging too rashly of one another. Yet still the Face is not a false Glass. On the contrary, where the Qualities of the Mind are eminent, it generally shews them. For the Features of the Mind commonly follow those of the Face; as the Figure of most Animals, whose Characters are strong, is expressive of their Nature. Though you had never heard of a Lion, a Tiger, a Serpent, or an Alligator, it is natural to think you would at the first Sight be afraid of them rather than of a Hare, or even a Horse, whose Appearance might prove formidable, but more from his Size than his Make.

The Mind is for the most part visible in the Person. Thus, a bearish Figure is almost certainly the Rhind or Hulk of a rude, rough Soul, never to be polished by any Cultivation. If you find any Sweetness in the Kernel of such a rugged Shell, it is more than you ought to expect; for a Man is one Thing, and a Chesnut another. The

Voice too is generally harsh or sweet, conformably to the Features; and where Faces resemble one another, you'll meet with a remarkable Similitude in the Voice.

Sense and Virtue are often to be found under a plain Face and clumsy Figure; but Elegance and Delicacy of Mind generally appear in the Person. Where a false and specious Elegance appears in the Face, you may expect the same in the Mind; and the Herd of Mankind will admire them more than the true. Sometimes you meet with a delicate and elegant Mind under a Face that cannot properly be called handsome; but then you will generally observe a Spirit and Expression in such a Face that please a true Eye much more than mere regular Beauty; for the best Part of Beauty is Air, Meaning and Expression.

The ancient *Greeks*, besides their being the most ingenious and elegant, were the most beautiful Race of Mortals that ever appeared in the World. The modern *Greeks* preserve the fine Mould of their Ancestors; and, if they were blest with Liberty, would probably in a short Time exceed all their Neighbours in every Excellence that human Nature can boast of, whether ornamental or solid. Exquisite Organs are, I believe, for the most part, beautiful too; and it is better to have a handsome

Ear

Ear than a very large one. Tho' the latter is by the Laws of animal Oeconomy more favourably contrived for the over-hearing a Whisper.

It is a common Observation, that the Painter constantly draws the finest *Hands* whose own are of an elegant Make. This is universally ascribed to a Cause which is perhaps more obvious and plausible than true: For the Painter often draws a Hand in Attitudes in which he never sees his own. It was probably more owing to something within themselves, than to the different Stiles of Nature to which they were accustomed, that RUBENS and RAPHAEL are so different in their Ideas of Beauty and their representations of the human Form. VANDYKE studied under RUBENS; and as he lived in the same Country, was accustomed to the same Kind of Objects with his Master. Yet their Works are as different as their Persons were; the one robust, but rather clumsy; the other handsome and genteel. In short, the Production of the Genius seems to be a Kind of Propagation, and bears a Family Resemblance to the Parent.

Of PREJUDICES, *political, religious, or*
national.

THIS ungenerous Spirit, these ill-natured Humours are so extremely absurd, that if strong Instances of them were not seen every Day, it would be impossible for a Man of Sense to believe them. For my own part, if I am totally free from any of the common Weaknesses of Mankind, I take it to be from this. What is it to me what any Man's Principles are as to Religion or Government? He has, perhaps, as good a Right as I, perhaps better, to keep steady to the Principles in which he was educated. My Religion may, for want of early Instruction, appear as strange to him as his can to me. These Things are all merely accidental, and the Effect of Education: For a hot-headed Churchman, bred at any Protestant University, or the sourest Christian that ever dissented from the Orthodox Church of *England*, would have been as violent a Mahometan, had he received his System of Religion from the MUFTI at *Constantinople*. Can it be supposed, that Heaven puts itself at the Head of any religious Party!—I humbly think it appears plain enough, that the Almighty

Almighty who displays such infinite Variety in all his Works, no more intended that all Mankind should be of the same Religion, than that they should all be of one Colour, speak the same Language, observe the same Customs, wear the same Dress: And it is not less reasonable than charitable to believe, that the Virtuous of all Religions are equally acceptable to the universal Father. For little as we know of Heaven, I hope we may, without any Blasphemy, presume, that the superior Powers are at least as reasonable as the best of *us*.

It is still not quite out of Nature for People in certain Humours, whether from the Wine or the Weather to grow sour to one another for Matters of mere Opinion; nay, and proceed to downright quarrelling, either for the Glory of God, or their own Vanity. But the utmost Effort of narrow-thinking, and what appears perfectly astonishing, is the Aversion which some People bear in their Minds to all those who did not happen to be born on the same Spot, in the same little Island, or the same Corner of an Island with themselves. Good God! would you have all the World to have been born in *Ireland*? In the Name of every Thing that is whimsical, what does it signify where a Man was born? Can it be either a Merit or a Crime to have

have been born in any particular Spot of this Globe, were it in *St Giles's*, the *Old Baily*, or even within the execrable Walls of *Newgate* itself? One would think they must be at a prodigious Loss for something to value themselves upon, who are proud of the Place of their Birth. Most People pretend to laugh at what is called Family Pride: and yet, tho' according to nice Herald-like Ceremony, the Son, as a better Gentleman, ought to take the Wall of the Father; this Kind of Pride is perhaps not quite a proper Object of Ridicule: for whoever esteems himself upon Account of his noble Ancestry, must of course emulate their Virtues, and be afraid to violate their Memory by any Action unworthy of them. It is needless, and might be mistaken for Flattery, to produce the many shining Examples of this generous Emulation which adorn the present Age. Even without any very distinguishing Merit of his own, the Son has often some Claim to a favourable Reception for the Sake of his Father. But he stands upon a very bleak Situation who has nothing to shelter him from Contempt but the Name of his Country. For Heaven's Sake what Country is it the most honourable to have been born in? What Climate? What Latitude? — Under

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der the Equator? or at what particular Distance from it? I hope it is not in those Climates where the Weather is the finest, and the Seasons the most agreeable. But is there a Country, at least in *Christendom*, where the generality of the People, rough as they run, are not as stupid and as wicked as the arch Enemy of Mankind would wish to make them? The great Bulk of the *Irish*,—I'm sorry to say it—are bad enough, very ragged Cattle indeed; it is in vain to deny it*—The general run of the *Scotch*, as well as of the *French*, *Spaniards*, and *Italians*, is so very, so extremely little better, that it might puzzle the most sagacious Connoisseur to pronounce which is worst—The *English*, tho' for every Kind of Merit, as estimable a People as any in *Europe*, are, with regard to many of their Individuals, just as unhappy as the rest. God preserve us, what strange Animals, what shabby Christians have had the honour to be born in the Metropolis of *Great-Britain*!—of reputable, most reputable Parents too!—in this very *London*!—and not to talk of *Ragfair* or *Drury-lane*, in the superb Neighbourhood of *Grosvenor-square* and *St. James's* itself.

But the Merit or Value stamped upon an Animal from the Meridian of its Nativity, is not more fantastical

* See Note, at the latter Part of this Work.

fantastical than that which it receives from the Place of its Education. Yet there are thousands who dream, that no Science is to be learnt but within those very Walls, whence, after many Years Residence themselves, had come into the World with a moderate enough Share of Erudition. It would be highly unreasonable to reflect upon any School, because a great Number of Dunces happened to have been bred there: But People of this narrow Way of thinking are really a Reproach to their Tutors. One would be sorry to see any illiberal Jealousy rise amongst our Universities for such a simple Dispute (a yet *tetrior quam telerrima belli causa*) as which of them has sent out the most numerous Herd of learned Blockheads. For any Blockhead, whose Genius leads him to much poring over heavy Volumes, may become a Man of great Learning in the most illiterate Ground, in the most unconsecrated you can name. But for their own Sakes it is to be hoped, that those learned Bodies will agree to suppress all Animosities of this Nature; lest in the Course of their Altercations it should be discovered, that all those Seminaries of Learning, however dignified with the specious Titles of Academies, Colleges, or Universities, are mere artful Impositions upon the Ignorance

nerance of Mankind. For there are many Instances to prove with what small Helps from Education good native Parts may shine: And a Man may turn out a very considerable Blockhead without ever having been taught Metaphysics.

As the most hopeful Antidote to the Poison of this very domestic Education, one would prescribe a Visit to foreign Parts. And if after a Ramble through *Europe*, the obstinate Malignity should still shew itself in fresh Eruptions, it might be worth while to try a seven Years Residence in *America*: If the Patient returns before he is thoroughly cured, I can see no good Reason why he should not be transplanted for Life.

But a strong obstacle to the Cure of this Folly, is the Advantage which some *honest* People find in fomenting it. For the Mob, I mean the great Bulk of Mankind, in judging of Men are mere Botanists: They distinguish them only by their outward Types; the Class or Tribe they belong to, or *seem* to belong to. For want of being able to penetrate a little deeper into the Character, they prefer a Man for the Cock of his Hat, or the Healths he toasts; and are the more obstinate in their Attachment to him, the less Reason they can give for it. As the Votaries of any Religion are the most zealous and violent, the further its Principles are removed from common Sense.

To

To conclude, as we beg an, with Religion. It is nothing to me in whom or in what any Man believes. I have no Objection in the World to an honest Man, because he believes in MAHOMET, as long as he gives himself no impertinent Trouble about my Faith. Nay, I could live upon good Terms even with a Deist; provided he keeps within the Bounds of Decency, and does not carry with him thro' Life that Juvenile Vanity, which will not suffer him to be quiet, till he has told all the World that he laughs at those things which they consider as the most sacred and inviolable.

Of moral ATTRACTION and REPULSION.

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemq; jocos,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumq; remissi. HOR.

The Sullen heat the Gay, the Gay the Sad,
 The Slow the Active, and the Quick the Staid.

THIS was observed by one who knew Mankind as thoroughly as most Writers. And it is an Observation may justly be extended to all People of opposite Dispositions. For every Knave naturally hates an honest Man; and the dimmest, most misty Blockhead has Penetration enough, except you would rather call it Instinct, to discover a Man of Parts; and cold Virulence enough to detest him. The Miser abhors the Man who generously

rously enjoys his Fortune ; and hopes to see the Prodigal starve. As this is the Case, it would require some Skill in the Doctrine of Chance, to calculate how many Enemies a Man of Sense and Integrity is likely to have for one Friend.

On the other hand, People of similar Characters are apt to like one another. There is not a genuine Russian in *Turkey*, not even in *Christendom*, so abandoned to all Sense of Humanity, so void of all Sympathy with the humankind, that would not take some little Pains at least to favour the Escape of the Wretch who had just murdered his Father. Upon these two Principles of Aversion and Attachment, if they are not rather, in the present View, one and the same, it is probable that the most important of human Affairs sometimes depend. It is perhaps more owing to this than any single Case besides, that one Age is so different from another. For a very few Individuals in a Nation may have Influence enough to throw the great Weight of its Business into such Hands as shall render it either glorious or contemptible, either miserable or prosperous.

But it is now full time to conclude : For when the Writer is tired, it is highly probable the Reader must begin to yawn, if he is not fast asleep already. For which Reasons, what I had further to

say shall be dispatched in as few Words as possible, and without a very scrupulous Regard to Method or Regularity.

S E N T E N C E S.

THE sententious Manner of Writing is apt to be dry, and to give disgust by its oracular Air and a dogmatical overbearing Pretension to Wisdom. Perhaps it would be better, if its Severity was alleviated with a comfortable Mixture of human Nonsense. For to be perpetually *wise*, is forbidding, unsocial, and something that does not become human Nature, as it does not belong to it. Why should a School-Master, a Parson, or an Apothecary, affect to be as solemn and sublime the whole Year round, as if he was a Seraph or an Archangel come to *dwell amongst us*?

The World has been shamefully imposed upon by many an important Fool. But no Man of Sense ever took any Pains to appear wise; as no honest Man ever used any Tricks to display his own Integrity.

Most Fools, and many sensible People, are conceited: But People of the best Sense never are so.

Affectation labours with a Diligence that fatigues every Spectator, but with infallible Success, to defeat its own Purpose; for instead of creating
Love

Love or Admiration, it provokes our Aversion and Contempt. The most amiable People are always the least affected. Let us make the best of what Nature has done for us: She may be improved, but all attempts to alter her from her original Shape will only expose us to Ridicule. That awkward Beast the Dromedary, as long as he has any Sense, will never pretend to be a BAJAZET or an OTHELLO.

I have heard of a poor Gentleman who used to be grievously tormented with violent Fits of the Head-ach, because a celebrated Poet was subject to that Complaint. Such a Head-ach I suppose as JUPITER felt just before he was delivered of PALLAS by the rough Midwifry of VULCAN'S Hammer; which seems to give a broad Hint towards the Cure of this Kind of *Cephalalgia*, as the learned Doctors delight to call it.

Affectation is the Bane of every Thing. An honest, plain, downright Blockhead, supposing him at the same time good-natured, may not only be an useful but an agreeable Creature. But when a Blockhead is seized with the Whim of being a fine Gentleman or a Wit, the Lord have Mercy upon him — and us.

I am not offended at the Insipidity of Mr. FITZ DOTTERELL'S Observation, nor even at its Im-

pertinence, because I know he meant me no Harm: What provokes me is, that he calls it a Joke.

A Fellow who, without a Grain of Wit or Humour will always be joking, is not only a disagreeable and contemptible Companion, but a dangerous one. For his awkward, unwary Nonsense will be apt one time or another to make him stumble into a Quarrel; and he may lose his Friends, or perhaps his Life, without the Satisfaction to say he had a good Joke for it.

T'other Bottle won't do——No, nor the other Hogthead neither——You great pale-ey'd Loggerhead, you must have Patience——you must wait a good while before you rouse Mr. TRUEWIT'S Mettle——A long time indeed!——You must wait till your own Wit begins to sparkle——I am afraid you must wait till you're gone. There is a secret Power in your Presence enough to check every Thing that's genial——You are worse than a Fog or the East Wind——The Candles burn dim while you're here——and the Burgundy drinks as flat as Port. Good Night. Here's to your good Repose. May you sleep like any Porpus!——But hark'ye, good Mr. VAN NUMB, before you go——You can't live without Wit it seems——Bless your fat Head! are you sure that you know Wit when
you

you hear it?—Let me be curst if you do, even when you pore over it in Print at the rate of an Octavo Page in an Hour.

It is illiberal, inhuman, and unreasonable in the highest Degree to insult any Man for his being dull: But when Dullness pretends to Genius or Parts, it becomes a fair Object of Ridicule.

True Satire may be called the Rage of Probity, and even of Good-nature. It is the Indignation of Virtue and Wit against Vice, Ill-nature and Affectation.

From Satire to Metaphysics is a desperate Stride, yet we will venture it rather than defer our Opinion of this Science to any future Occasion. We take Metaphysics, in the Degree to which they are carried by certain Philosophers, to be *the Art of talking grave Nonsense upon Subjects that lie beyond the Reach of the human Understanding.* Better talk about the Weather still, or blunder thro' the Mist of Politics; or retail those insipid daily Lies we call *News*.

I have seen People, that were no Fools, laugh at the wrong Place, and without being tickled, that they might not appear dull at taking a Joke. What is worse, I have known People, who were not quite Fools neither, affect to be angry without feeling any Affront; because they would not be thought to want Apprehension or Spirit.

Vanity, besides the secret Pleasure it gives one's self, is a very thriving Quality ; and it is not politic to be at any Pains to disguise it, except amongst People of the best Sense. For the Generality of the World will have the same Opinion of you that you seem to have of yourself.

False or middling Genius is almost always arrogant and vain. The true may be provoked to do itself Justice ; but is seldom apt to over value itself.

Tho' Vanity and Pride are very different Things, we may talk here of that Kind of Pride which hurts your Inferiors, and keeps those at a Distance who are never likely to abuse your Familiarity. It seems to be the Consciousness of little Minds, who are afraid of being seen too near. It is to be proud only where you may, with the utmost Safety, be so ; for *those* proud People are almost always mean and servile to such as rank above themselves.

Now that we are talking of unreasonable Animals ; there is a waspish Fellow who must discharge his Venöm where he dares, and every Day uses you like a Dog — because he's your *Cousin* truly, and may be free with you. When the Wind is Easterly, this *Cousin* becomes absolutely intolerable. Perhaps, after all, he intends you no great Mischief in the main. But, in my Opinion, the best way to manage

nage such a *Cousin* is to give him a most inhuman Threshing. He'll bounce, and fling, and raise a cursed Outcry; but don't spare him: For with Heaven's Blessing it will do him an infinite deal of good; and make him as civil, till he begins to forget it, as the politest Enemy you ever had the Happiness to converse with. Besides, you'll find a sublime Pleasure in the Exercise of just Vengeance — By all that's Imperial, it is a Luxury almost too high for a Subject!

Superficial People are always the most ostentatious. I suppose you may remember that you used to be the fondest and most vain of the thing you were but just beginning to learn.

Many shallow People make their Fortunes by the mere Force of Gossiping. With some it passes for Knowledge of the World; whereas it is only practising an Art which, tho' insupportably tedious instead of costing *them* any Trouble, is their native Element; for they were born Gossips.

The blunt Sword is the trusty Weapon. And there is nothing so infallibly successful in all Trades and Professions as the Parts of a Blockhead; Plodding, Selfishness, Cunning, and Impudence: which last Virtue may be reckoned the chief of *these* Cardinal ones; for

Nullum numen abest si sit IMPUDENTIA.

The

The Ambition of a Man of Parts is often disappointed by the want of some common Quality, with whose Assistance very moderate Abilities are capable of making a great Figure.

Some People have just Parts enough to do their Country a great deal of Mischief; For if their Understanding was the smallest Degree lower, it would be too glaringly ridiculous to employ them.

Some have died upon the Scaffold for their faithful Services to their ungrateful Country, You remember the shocking Catastrophe of those great and good Men the DE WITS.—By all that's stern and horrible! by the black-hung Room! by the blood-thirsty saw-dust! you're in the right—The surest way to avoid ingratitude, is never to do one good thing while you live.

Many excellent Geniusses have been lost. But we ought not to repine too much at this seeming Inattention of Providence to human Affairs; as from the same Cause perhaps a much greater Number of shocking Monsters have been smothered and suppressed. For I am afraid there are more NEROS and CARACALLAS than TITUSES or TRAJANS in private Life, who want nothing but to be Emperors to shew themselves. Immortal Gods! how many thousand CLAUDIUSES are at this Hour asleep between HYDE PARK CORNER and WAPPING!

I am afraid it is easier to corrupt good natural Dispositions by Education and Habit than to subdue bad ones.

There are People that were born Lyars, who tell you every Day very seriously a Parcel of insipid unmeaning Lies, and probably believe them. It is a mere odd kind of Weakness in them; they cannot help it; perhaps they are not sensible of it. Nay, I don't know whether there is not such an absurd Creature as a Thief that has little more Scheme or Meaning than a pilfering Jackdaw.

Though there are strange inconsistent Mixtures in human Nature, there never yet was a very fine Understanding where the Heart was bad.

There is a Parcel of crazy worthless People who set up for Wits, and bring the Name of Poet under a Kind of Disgrace with those who do not know that there can be no true Genius without a sound Understanding and an honest Heart.

Some of those People do more indiscreet, irrational, absurd Things, than even Nature prompts them to: some become Sots, and affect every Thing that is indecent and shocking, merely that they may pass, good God! for Men of Genius; and they are admired as such by the Majority

Majority of their Acquaintance for no other Reason.

Oddities and Singularities of Behaviour may attend Genius; when they do, they are its Misfortunes and its Blemishes. The Man of true Genius will be ashamed of them: At least he never will affect to distinguish himself by whimsical Particularities.

In short, good Sense is the solid Foundation of all Genius, and of every Thing that is truly ornamental. It is necessary, in some Degree, even to a good Fidler; still more so to one who composes Music. A Blockhead, drunk with mortal Port, might have drawled out such a pitiful Strain as *God save our noble King* — or *To Arms*; and *Britons strike home*; but he must have had Taste and Genius who composed *Joy to great Cæsar*, or even *The Early Horn*.

Except HANDEL'S Oratorio one seldom goes to a musical Entertainment where the great Bulk of the Pieces is not insipid. They have Plenty of good Music, but the Performers are most provokingly frugal of the best. The Reason I plainly take to be this: Almost every Scrapper upon the Violin has perhaps composed more or less Music himself; and, instead of the Works of the great Masters, they entertain you with
their

their own. If Reading was a public Entertainment; if Authors were the only Readers, and the Choice were left to them, I suppose the great Writers of former Ages would soon be forgotten.

It is a Question with me whether the Music of a Country is to be performed any more than its Language pronounced to Perfection, but by those that have been young in it; or, what comes nearly to the same Thing, that have been taught it young by a Native of that Country.

People of the finest Ear very often have not the least Turn to Mimicry; while, on the contrary, some of the best Mimics are mis-tuned, and have not the least Ear to Harmony.

It is impossible to make such a Definition of Wit as shall comprehend every Kind of it. But it seems to consist chiefly in a happy Faculty of comparing * distant Objects, and surprising you with the Discovery of a striking Resemblance where you did not dream of finding any.

The Wit of some, who have a large Share of it, is too much of one Kind, and proves cloying for want of Variety.

An

* In some ingenious Essays, which appeared a few Years ago in one of the daily Papers, Wit was called, "a tall Faculty of the Mind." There is something odd in the Expression, but the Meaning is good.

An Author, who affects to be fine in every Thing he says, and to write above his Subject, is just as ridiculous a Coxcomb as him who performs the most indifferent Actions with a studied Grace. And this Affectation is one principal Cause of the awkward unnatural Language which prevails in most of our modern Tragedies.

Mr. *Voltaire* observes very justly of some Authors, that they have done themselves no good by endeavouring to be universal. It is a foolish enough Piece of Vanity to be sure; for it requires no great Genius to write a spiritless Ode, an affected Epistle, an insipid Satire, a flat Comedy, a cold Tragedy, and even a flimsy, foppish, uninteresting Epick Poem. SHAKESPEAR perhaps possessed the greatest Compass of Genius that ever Man did, and could excel in every Thing, from the noblest Sublime down to the Burlesque.

In some Ages the few People of Genius ought to publish just enough to shew what they could have done in better Times; more is not worth their while.

If there wants any Thing besides the Applause of the best Judges to establish the Reputation of your Performance, it is the Dislike of the worst. For false Taste, whatever it may pretend, though
it

it may even impose upon itself, as its Heart naturally hates true Genius.

I have heard talk of an ITALIAN who thought the Soldier in VANDYKE'S BELISARIUS something quite wonderful from a FLEMISH Painter. It would seem he had never heard of one RUBENS, a Native of FLANDERS, who, *take him for all in all*, weigh him in the nicest *Balance*, is perhaps hardly inferior to any Painter ITALY has produced. True Taste is always candid, and naturally delights in true Genius, without ever enquiring from what Soil it sprung.

I have been told, that some *French Abbe*, whose Name I forget, pronounces, with a very decisive Air, that SHAKESPEAR understood all the Passions but *Love*—— Good God! —— SHAKESPEAR not understand *Love*! —— Who does then? —— VOLTAIRE?

Love, Anger, Grief, all the Passions are contagious.

Love is the Cause of more Indiscretions in old People, perhaps, than in young.

Dr. SWIFT says, that no wise Man ever wished himself younger. The Dean might perhaps have excepted a Man renowned for Wisdom, who seems to have been gloomy and unhappy in his latter Years, merely from want of Youth.

T

Died

Died by the Sting of a Snail would sound oddly in the Bills of Mortality. Yet I have known a Woman of Beauty, Sense and Spirit, in Love with one of the most insipid Fellows that ever glared weary Stupidity from a large dead Eye. Whence it appears, that the Infatuation of Queen MAB in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, however extravagant it seems, is not quite out of Nature.

As there have been many *small* Observations made upon *great* Classics, I must take the Liberty to venture one. *Iago* ends his Description of a good Woman with

She was a Wight, if ever such there were——

Here he stops, and *Desdemona* asks, *To do what?* It does not appear what leads her to this Question, except you add a little Word, which seems to have dropt out of its Place here without being missed. —— Suppose it was to be read thus ;

*She was a Wight, if ever such there were,
To ——*

Here the Buffoon pauses, to draw the Lady into the Question, which it is now natural for her to make ; and to give, what he is ready to add, its full Effect of surprising and disappointing archly.

Ohe

*She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had Wit at will, and yet was never loud ;
&c.*

*She was a Wigh:, if ever such there were,
To —————
To do what ?
To fuckle Fools, and chronicle Small Beer.*

Why do the Players, in the Part of *Richard* the Third, always say, *Give me a Horse ?* It not only sounds much better, but the Meaning is, in my Opinion, more warm and spirited as it stands in *Shakefpear* :

Give me another Horse——Bind up my Wounds——

As I feel it, there is a Kind of tame Impro- priety, or even Absurdity, in that Action of *HAMLET* producing the two Miniatures of his Father and Uncle out of his Pocket. It seems more natural to suppose, that *HAMLET* was struck with the Comparifon he makes between the two Brothers, upon cafting his Eyes on their Pictures, as they hang up in the Apartment where this Conference paffes with the Queen. There is not only more Nature, more Elegance, and Dignity, in fupposing it thus, but it gives Occafion to more paffionate and more graceful Action, and

is of Consequence likelier to be as SHAKESPEAR'S Imagination had conceived it.

But I beg Pardon for these Trifles; and, in Hopes that you may not all be so ill-natured as to take me at my Word, shall conclude with a Scrap of *Latin* that has, like many others, led a weary Life, though it is almost as insipid a Thing of the Kind as ever came upon the Town :

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

Which, in plain *English*, means no more than that, *I am sensible all these SKETCHES and SENTENCES are mere Nothing.*



POST.

P O S T S C R I P T.

TH E Author of the foregoing Papers chuses to call them *Sketches* ; as the least imperfect amongst them is to a laboured Treatise what the Painter's Outlines, or his first rude Draughts, are to a finished Picture. This Declaration he hopes will be accepted by the proper Judges of Writing as a sufficient Apology for any thing, either in Thought or Expression, that may be found careless
or

P O S T S C R I P T :

or incorrect in his *Essays**. He owns he could have given these little loose Fragments much bolder Strokes, as well as more delicate Touches : But as an Author's Renown depends at present upon the Mobility, he dreads the Danger of writing too well ; and feels the Value of his own Labour too sensibly to bestow it where, in all Probability, it might only serve to depreciate his Performance.

* The Dublin Editor takes the Liberty in this Place to observe, that it is probable the Author of the *Sketches* has never been favoured with a Sight of that Country, the *Bulk* of whose People he has there attempted to describe (see Page 189.) The Preference, inconsiderable, as it is, which he gives to a neighbouring Nation, is a Proof of it. He hath seen, perhaps, some of the *Dregs* of the People of *Ireland*, and thence forms his Conclusion concerning the *Whole*. But he should have remembered that well-known Rule in Logick, — *A particulari ad universale non valet Argumentum*,

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